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PLAY OR PAMPHLET?

After the debauch of wit in the Restoration Comedy and Jeremy Collier's triumph over the stage, audiences became virtuous, and play providers gave them what they wanted in tragedies which would turn them to repentance and comedies which would make them cry. The French called the new species of drama *la comédie larmoyante*. Diderot in France, Steele in England, and even Lessing in Germany gave in to the fashion, though the latter soon recovered himself. When the real comic spirit rose again incarnate in Goldsmith he had great difficulty in getting a hearing. His "Good Natured Man" was denounced as "low," and the scene with the Bailiffs was hissed. "She Stoops to Conquer" was rejected by one manager, and held by another for a year.

Literary fashions, like those of women's clothes, recur in cycles, and for a good while we have had a surfeit of what may be called the preaching mania on the stage. Where do all the wild-eyed faddists come from who in their multitude have burst into the theatre with plays of every conceivable kind except plays of amusement, of poetic exaltation, of creative power? Every reform, or what fantastic minds conceive to be a reform, must have its play. We have had plays of sexology, of education, of hygiene, and what not. The plays on hygiene seem to predominate. We suppose we shall next have a play on the negro theory that you should cut your corns in the dark of the moon. This would be harmless compared with the dramatization of medical treatises with which we have been regaled of late.

This pamphleteering drama seems to have had its origin with Ibsen. Now Ibsen was a playwright of the first water, and in his early romantic dramas and in his long dramatic poems a genuine poet. There are gleams of humor and of common sense in his comedies. But his formula for a comedy seems to have been this: Find some sore spot in humanity and make a play of it. And his lugubrious dramas and their progeny have filled the theatres of Europe and America.

Particularly is America favorable soil for this pamphleteering seed. If anybody neglects an opportunity to preach in this country, he is suspect. Our public men go around like Joseph Surface, with his eternal "the man who." The didactic instinct is rooted in us, and has been strong enough to stifle any genuine creative impulse, except in the case of a few who have dared to "see life steadily and see it whole." That this didactic turn in us is accompanied by any greater average goodness than among other peoples may be questioned. Thomas Wentworth Higginson once rebuked the present writer for using the stock phrase, "the New England conscience." He thought it a bugbear, and had lived more than four-score years among such consciences without finding any excess of them. But that the moralizing strain outweighed the artistic one among his neighbors is only too patent.

That art should be immoral or even unmoral is nonsense. In the drama, more than any other form of art, there is a clash of opposites, of good and evil, of the beautiful and the ugly, of the graceful and the grotesque. That any sane dramatist should prefer the inferior qualities or things is practically impossible. But he ought to have full liberty to set them forth in all their power and repulsiveness. He ought to be fair to the energy, intellect, and share of goodness in the personages in whom are embodied the lower principles. His heroes cannot be all white, or his villains all black. The *anagnorisis* of Aristotle was that fatal weakness in the central character from which the catastrophe arose. Besides, there is no fixed system of morality. Is war right or wrong? Is divorce right or wrong? Must one, as Kant maintained, always tell the truth, even to a murderer seeking his victim? Is it criminal for a starving man to steal food? Is it murder or patriotism to kill a despot? These and many other questions have always been debated. Whole shoals of plays have been based on views of morality now obsolete or partially so. The dramatist has wide latitude. If he communicates the shock of vital strength to us, or permeates us with a sense of beauty, it is as much as we have a right to expect. But the pamphleteering dramatist takes some abstract question of morality, or some concrete custom, and argues it out by the means of puppets to whom no fair play is allowed, who are merely punching-bags for his intellectual exercise.

The play with a purpose was preceded by the novel with a purpose. Dickens had usually some direct utilitarian or charitable end to carry out. But it was always so swamped by the overwhelming humor and creative force of his work that it gives readers of to-day no concern. Victor Hugo, too, in his greatest novel tilted against all the wrongs and injustices of the world; but here, also, the interest of the narrative and the flood of poetry sweep us along and make us forget that we are witnessing a social insurrection. It is perhaps too soon to criticize the purpose plays, but we doubt whether they are clothed with enough poetry and humor and created flesh to make us forget the grinning skeleton of their didacticism. We are inclined to think that they have less staying quality than even the despised Victorian drama. Such plays as "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," "The Hunchback," "Masks and Faces," and "Caste" have held the boards for a long time. Bulwer and Reade had probably as much intellectual force as the problem men, and they seem to have produced figures and scenes of permanent appeal to mankind.

It is perhaps in order to say what should take the place of the purpose play. Well, there is the whole spectacle of life to choose from. There are a billion and a half people in the world, and something is happening to them every day. There is the whole recorded past to furnish subjects. And the mind of man can invent, and can at least make an attempt to pierce into the realm of death and the unknown. The Moving Picture shows, whatever may be their shortcomings, can at least give us a hint of what is wanted. We believe the managers of these entertainments have tried a few problem subjects, but that they did not in the least succeed. Stories of adventure, of romantic love and domestic devotion, of great crimes, of moving accidents by land and sea, of uproarious fun,—these take best. Shilling shockers like the "Agamemnon," "Macbeth," or "Faust" are really what the world craves in the way of excitement: heroism and pure love and undying devotion always appeal to it. The taste of the public is always sound,—only it is not educated up to the adequate literary presentation of its favorite themes. When we consider that the Athenian public, with its wonderfully trained intelligence, banished Æschylus and preferred Euripides to Sophocles we can hardly expect

perfect critical judgment from our own motley population.

To be more specific, we think the drama should confine itself more strictly to its various kinds. A tragedy ought to be a tragedy, and a comedy a comedy. Mixing of distinct breeds rarely brings good results. It would be pretty hard to classify some of the plays of Ibsen or Strindberg. Comedy ought to recover its gaiety and shed its weeds of woe. Signs are not wanting that the purpose-problem-pamphlet style of play is going out of fashion. There have been produced in New York this past winter a considerable number of plays calculated to amuse intelligent people. If to these could be added some dramas of poetic exaltation, some tragedies that plumb the depths, we should have the beginning of a serious theatre in this country.

The question of a drama poetic not only in intent but in form is an interesting one. There is no real reason except a stupid prejudice why verse should not be used again upon the stage. It is a pity to banish it, for it is to a play something like what a frame is to a picture. It separates the play from the world, and concentrates its effects. But we believe that blank verse, which is the most flexible and natural of metres, is impossible, simply because it has been preëmpted. A modern blank verse play inevitably seems a faded copy of a Shakespearean original. The best poets and metrists of recent times—Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne—have tried to galvanize this form into life, all to little purpose. But there are plenty of other metrical forms. The heroic couplet reigned for a considerable time on the English stage, and it might be revived. The lyric choruses of the Greek drama lightened up the grave iambic verse. The Spanish drama used a great variety of metres and forms,—huddling together assonant verse, redondillas, canzonets, and sonnets in a single play. There is something like this variety in the early plays of Shakespeare—"Love's Labour's Lost," for instance. Verse of some kind we ought to have, for we can never get with prose the concentration or the atmosphere requisite for the greatest dramatic effects.

The purpose-problem play came into being mainly from one cause,—the unrest of women and their desire to have their wrongs and rights expounded on the stage. Possibly this has been sufficiently done, and now men may

demand their innings; or, rather, men and women together may recur to the elemental things of life,—loves, hates, heroisms, sacrifices, and demand these from the stage. They are demanding them from the Moving Picture shows, and the speaking theatre is surely a more satisfactory thing.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

FRENCH APPRECIATION OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, so far as that appreciation is manifested by scholars and writers, has in recent times been greatly in contrast with earlier ignorance of and contempt for the writings of those benighted beings so unfortunate as to have been born outside of France. Flippant dispraise of Shakespeare is no longer considered smart in the literary circles of Paris. Of course Taine is the conspicuous modern instance of French appreciation of the writers of England, but for one such sympathetic student of those writers half a century ago there are now a dozen or more in the France of to-day. Professor Emile Legouis, who holds the chair of English language and literature at the Sorbonne, and is widely known for his published works in his department, naturally comes to mind in this connection. A notable article from his pen appears in the current issue of "The Yale Review," under the heading, "English Literature in France." His opening sentence is significant. He says: "The opinion now prevailing in England, and beginning to spread in America, seems to be, if I am well informed, that, outside of the English-speaking countries themselves, France is as distinctly ahead of other nations in English literary criticism, properly so called, as Germany has long been and still remains in English philology." A little later, in considering the "erudite (historical, objective, scientific) mode" of studying English literature, he has this to say in tribute to American scholarship: "In some directions, it is true, and particularly in the field of research that we are now concerned with, I wonder whether America has not actually outstripped Germany herself, after having been her disciple. As I was some time ago getting up a small popular book on Chaucer and had to acquaint myself with the most recent critical works on his life and poetry, I was struck by the predominance of Americans in the list of the latest discoverers. Foremost in the catalogue were the names of Professors Kittredge, Schofield, Tatlock, Root, Lowes, Young, and others, nearly dispossessing the country of Ten

Brink of her former supremacy." In closing he emphasizes his impression of a prevalent "admiration and reverence for English literature" on the part of its students in France.

A PROMISING PROFESSION FOR BOOK-LOVERS who would like to be book-writers, but who somehow, in spite of undeniable skill in the manipulation of pen or typewriter, cannot exactly hit it off when it comes to original literary production, has long been found in the pleasant task of handling, for the benefit of other book-lovers, the works of those envied beings who have succeeded in becoming book-producers. There is always the possibility, too, that in this close contact with the best that has been thought and said in the world, the contagion of authorship will in some mysterious manner be caught, with ultimately gratifying results in renown and royalties. Was not the celebrated author of the world-famous "Critique of Pure Reason" once employed in this very task of handling the books of others in the Royal Library at Königsberg? And was there not a certain librarian of the Boston Public Library, and later head of the Harvard University Library, who is now even better known for his learned contributions to historical literature than for his noteworthy services to librarianship? Let us then, we who love books and would fain write them also, embrace the librarian's calling and see what will happen. But is it so easy to get a position as librarian? Hear what they say about it at one of our largest library schools. "For several years," it is reported from Madison, "the number graduating from the Library School of the University [of Wisconsin] exceeded the number graduated from any other similar school in the country," but with all this annual output "there never has been the slightest difficulty in obtaining positions for the graduates of the school. In 1913 out of 31 who were graduated 29 had positions at the time of graduation. In 1914 out of 29 who were to graduate 26 had received appointments at graduation." Could there be anything more alluring than the pleasant path leading through this semi-literary profession to all sorts of delightful possibilities in a profession that is wholly literary and supremely soul-satisfying?

READING IN IRELAND, especially in western Ireland, appears to be a pastime not much indulged in by people generally, though there is an immense respect for books and those who write them, a respect inversely proportional to the intimacy of acquaintance with things literary. Familiarity breeds contempt, as the

proverb assures us. In "Castle Rackrent," though the mistress of the castle reads "The Sorrows of Werther," her lord and master is far more interested in his own multiplying troubles and difficulties; and at the present day the Irishman who digs and delves for his livelihood has little time or inclination to go deeply into books. A shelf of ancient and well-thumbed volumes is likely to be found in the farmhouse, but the family reading is chiefly confined to "Old Moore's Almanack" and either "The Irish Weekly Independent" or "The Weekly Freeman." "Old Moore," by the way, in his last year's almanac predicted "grave trouble in Europe about this time." A writer in the current number of "The Book Monthly," Mr. Thomas Kelly, to whom acknowledgment is due for various items here noted, reveals the rather surprising fact, if it be a fact, that in the land of their nativity "Lever and Lover are very rarely seen, though 'Handy Andy' is to be met with occasionally"—another illustration of the rule respecting prophets in their own country. Even Canon Hannay (better known as "George A. Birmingham") is rather roughly handled by those who pretend to be competent critics. But among the common people of little book-learning, as already intimated, authors and their works are more likely than not to be held in reverence. Mr. Kelly relates an amusing incident in this connection. "I remember seeing in one house a booklet whose author I knew. He lived in the neighbouring town, and I mentioned this fact to 'the man of the house.' 'Is it a man that could write a book,' he queried in no slight surprise, 'to be livin' in the town o' Drumdallagh 'ithin ten mile o' where I stand? Man, oh man, do ye tell me that? Where now would his house be in the town, for I'll go an' have a look at the outside o' it the next day I'm in at the market.'"

INDEXERS' IDIOSYNCRASIES are often amiable and harmless, and sometimes unamiable and injurious to the interests of index-users. A passion for fulness of entry in the case of personal names may cause more consumption of time than is worth while, but no harm is done unless other more important duties are neglected in consequence. On the other hand, the scrupulous substitution of a little-known real name for a universally-known popular designation may give rise to vexation and bewilderment and smothered (if not eruptive) profanity. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, for example, is known to students of American history as identical with "Stonewall" Jackson, but to the great American public the sturdy general

is "Stonewall," and not Thomas Jonathan, and it has a right to expect the nickname to appear in the index or catalogue, as in truth it often though not always does. Mr. Rossiter Johnson, in a protest published in the March "Library Journal," complains of the misdirected scrupulosity of some professional indexers, and takes occasion to point out a common and rather unwise practice on the part of book-indexers, who for some reason think it necessary to enter in the index the general subject of the book. He refers especially to biographies, and cites a real or supposed life of General Putnam, the index to which contains such entries as this: "Putnam, Israel, his encounter with a wolf," which should have been: "Wolf, Putnam's encounter with a." And he speaks of a recent admirable biography of a famous American that devotes ten solid columns of its index to the subject of the book, as if any mortal reader would have the patience to search for a needle in that haystack! He might have instanced an even more flagrant recent example: the admirable biography of Mark Twain by his authorized biographer gives almost thirteen columns of its excellent index to the entry, "Twain, Mark."

...

THE CREATOR OF COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE was fifty-three years old when this product of his invention placed him in the front rank of those who have delineated the Old South felicitously in fiction. Francis Hopkinson Smith, a descendant of that gifted Francis Hopkinson who immortalized himself by affixing his signature to the Declaration of Independence, was born October 23, 1838, in Baltimore, and died April 7, 1915, in New York. Early reverses in the family fortunes forced him to shift for himself with little of the educational equipment accounted necessary for a fair start in life. A clerkship in his brother's iron works was cut short by the failure of the business, after which came engineering studies in New York and the opening of an office as contractor. Much constructive work — jetties, breakwaters, lighthouses, sea-walls, etc. — was undertaken for the government, and a permanent and conspicuous reminder of this phase of Mr. Smith's varied activity is the foundation of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, as also the Race Rock Lighthouse, off New London, of which its builder was especially proud. His vacations meanwhile were largely given to sketching in the White Mountains, Cuba, Mexico, and later in Venice, Constantinople, and Holland. He had drawn and painted from boyhood, being chiefly self-taught in this form of art. At about forty years of age he began to discover his genius in literature, in slight

sketches of travel and observation, and later in stories and novels. Best known among his long list of books are such favorites as "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "Caleb West," "Oliver Horn," "Peter," and "Kennedy Square." Wholesome and hearty are these and other romances of his, a little obvious and old-fashioned in their construction, perhaps, but for that very reason, in part, of unfailing acceptability with the great novel-reading public. A more variously gifted novelist it would be hard to name, and his death is more than a grievous loss to literature.

...

HEAVY READING in more senses than one was the famous collection of all extant cuneiform literature in the royal library of Asurbanipal, king of Assyria. Baked clay took the place of paper in that formidable assemblage of books, and the total tonnage of the library must have been tremendous. But it represented the golden age of Assyrian literature, and so must have possessed other virtues besides mere weight. A similar collection, though of much smaller proportions, is that which now has its abode in a room of the New York Public Library under the careful guardianship of Mr. Victor Hugo Paltsits, known of old to many obliged readers as the assistant librarian of the now vanished Lenox Library in upper Fifth Avenue. In a recent number of the "Library Bulletin" Mr. Paltsits gives some description of the precious collection in his keeping. "The earliest records in the Library," he says, "are baked-clay tablets, cylinders, slabs, etc., in the Sumerian language, dating from the time of Naram-Sin, son of Sargon, about 2600 B.C.; Gimil-Sin, King of Ur, about 2200 B.C., and other reigns in Babylonia. There are also cuneiform inscriptions in the Assyrian language of the reign of Ashur-nasir-pal, King of Assyria, 885-860 B.C., and of Nebuchadrezzar II., King of Babylon, 604-561 B.C., in the Babylonian language."

...

AN EXILED REVIEW, sharing courageously the lot of many of its former writers and readers, will presently resume its activities under the protection of the University of Cambridge. "Le Muséon," a long-established quarterly publication devoted to Oriental studies, edited of late by Professor Philippe Colinet of Louvain University and Professor L. de la Vallée Poussin of Ghent University, and published by the former institution, has been taken in charge by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, which is about to issue the delayed first number of the current year. Both Cambridge and Oxford have shown generous

hospitality to the expatriated academicians of devastated Belgium, so that this fortunate rescue of the "Muséon" from extinction or indefinite suspension is but an extension of previous good offices. Whether the future continuation of the review will be possible must depend upon those who give their interest and support to its department of learning. Among the announced contributors to the next two issues are such recognized authorities in their several departments as Professor J. B. Bury, Professor James Hope Moulton, Professor E. G. Browne, Dr. F. W. Thomas, Librarian to the India Office, Dr. Reynold A. Nicholson, Lecturer in Persian at Cambridge, and Mr. A. A. Bevan, Lady Almoner's Reader in Arabic at the same university.

...

CANADA'S CONTRIBUTION TO POLITE LITERATURE is greater than is commonly suspected outside of Canada, or perhaps inside. The Department of Education of the Province of Ontario issues quarterly "A Selected List of Books Recommended by the Ontario Library Association for Purchase by the Public Libraries of the Province," and the current number contains bibliographies, not aiming at completeness but nevertheless impressive, of Canadian fiction, poetry, and biography, with a list of Canadian magazines. These bibliographies, in which "titles have been chosen chiefly on the grounds of availability and value," fill twenty-two large pages, and are of a nature to commend themselves as aids to librarians beyond as well as within the borders of the Dominion. The pamphlet is obtainable from Mr. Walter R. Nursey, Inspector of Public Libraries, Toronto, though to what extent and on what terms it will be supplied to applicants outside of Ontario, we cannot say.

...

A RENAISSANCE IN YIDDISH LITERATURE seems to be taking place in the Ghetto of New York. Present hard conditions in Europe have caused a sort of Jewish exodus that may be found to have some points of resemblance, however remote, to the emigration of the Moors from Spain in the sixteenth century, and of the Huguenots from France in the seventeenth. At any rate, the sum of literary and artistic talent on the Continent has been diminished by the self-expatriation of not a few men and women unusually gifted and accomplished, and of these there are some marked instances now attracting attention among the Semitic population of our chief city. This incoming tide of talent includes such names, real or pseudonymous, as Scholem Ash, Abraham Raisin, Scholem Aleichem, and Perez Hirschbein. Of the "Yiddish Mark

Twain" (Scholem Aleichem) appreciative mention has already been made in these columns, and the others here enumerated have shown themselves no less skilled in their several departments of prose and verse, of fiction and drama and well-turned poem. Increased means of approach to their readers have been provided for these and other new writers by the starting of additional magazines and other periodical publications in the Yiddish tongue, together with a monthly magazine in English for the publishing of translations from these Jewish authors. One of the most interesting figures in this new school of Yiddish writers is Mr. Perez Hirschbein, the "poet-wanderer," as he has been styled, whose unmetrical medium of expression seems well adapted to his thought, and ought not to be summarily dismissed with the ridicule so often visited upon this form of literature. On the whole, it appears not unlikely that in the accession here noted of fresh talent, perhaps even genius, among our writing folk, it may turn out that American literature has been appreciably the gainer, and European literature correspondingly the loser.

...

AFTER FORTY YEARS OF NOVEL-WRITING, or nearly that, with a record, according to her own account, of sixty novels to her credit, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr passes into her eighty-fifth year with feelings of calm content as she looks back upon the road her feet have travelled. It was not until after the death of her husband and three sons from yellow fever at Galveston, in 1867, that she, with three daughters dependent on her, turned her energies to literature as a means of support. Those thirty-six years of her earlier life had certainly not been lacking in variety of experience on which to draw in the writing of fiction. Born in Lancashire, marrying early, and emigrating to this country with her husband, Robert Barr, she gained an acquaintance with the ups and downs, the comedy and the tragedy of existence, such as can be claimed by few of our romancers. Two years ago, in her notable autobiographic volume, "All the Days of My Life," she said of herself, what she would doubtless now repeat with no change except in the statement of her age: "I have lived, I have loved, I have worked, and at eighty-two I only ask that the love and the work continue while I live. What I must do, I will love to do. It is a noble chemistry that turns necessity into pleasure."

...

ILLINOIS PUBLIC LIBRARIES now number 222, of which 161 are maintained by taxation, and eleven are endowed but are free to the public. This we learn from the current Report of the

Illinois Library Extension Commission, which leaves unelucidated the exact nature of the fifty libraries unaccounted for in the foregoing. Comparison, not unfavorable, is drawn with the library equipment of neighboring states, Wisconsin having 167 public libraries, Indiana 145, Missouri 39, Iowa 152. Yet the undisputed fact remains, laments the statistician, that there are still seventeen counties in Illinois with no public library, and fifty-two cities, of two thousand or more inhabitants, also lacking in this important respect.

COMMUNICATION.

"THE DOCTOR" AND "TRISTRAM SHANDY."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

On opening the first volume of Southey's "Doctor," and noticing the delta with lines from the three angles meeting at the centre (it is presented later in the text), one may or may not think of the astonishing illustrations to Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." But as soon as the reader finds that the first seven chapters run backwards, he cannot but remember how the chapters of the *Opinions of Tristram* were continually losing ground as his life progressed. Next comes a belated preface,—though not so long belated as was Sterne's. Then after the eighth forward-moving chapter there is one of a new sort, the heading of which, "Interchapter I," is given only at the end; and this recalls the oddity of Sterne's chapters,—e. g., the empty ones. Nor does the mechanical resemblance end here, for (to pass by Southey's various liberties in pointing) on page 28 a secret is offered to us in a series of groups of stars; it needs not to mention the use of this device in the early life of Tristram.

But to pass from these mechanical resemblances to the similarity of style. The account which the author of "The Doctor" gives of the conception of his book shows him to be a direct descendant of Mr. Shandy: there is the same nonchalant description, the same scrappiness of conversation. But really the best way to illustrate is to quote the first paragraph:

"I was in the fourth night of the story of the Doctor and his horse, and had broken it off, not like Scheherezade because it was time to get up, but because it was time to go to bed. It was at thirty-five minutes after ten o'clock, on the 20th of July in the year of our Lord 1813. I finished my glass of punch, tinkled the spoon against its side, as if making music to my meditations, and having my eyes fixed upon the Bhow Begum, who was sitting opposite to me at the head of her own table, I said, 'It ought to be written in a Book!'"

And Sterne's style in addressing his reader, best remembered from his charge to the reader to go back and re-read so as to pick up a lost point, has also been caught by the author of "The Doctor," at first, it must be remembered, an anonymous author. He says, almost at the end of the first volume: "Reader, you may skip this preliminary account if you please, but it will be to your loss if you do!"

In the material used, the two books resemble one another unmistakably. "The Doctor" is as full of quotations as "Tristram Shandy,"—quotations from the most surprising sources; but of course all the quotations are attributed to their authors, and so when Burton is used in the later work (vi., 227) his name is given with high praise. Yet no one could find in Southey that clever use of the material which seems to justify Sterne's unacknowledged appropriation: Southey's product is a pretty heavy one. But, it may be asked, what about those incidents of Sterne's which have been the subject of so much reproach and so much apology? Surely Southey could not——! Two of the incidents in "The Doctor" would shock the present taste quite as much as most of those in "Tristram Shandy." Both of them are neatly implied,—full preliminary description and then clever hints. The author shows his relish for them, however, in a more honest way than his earlier model. After the first, an adventure of the Doctor's boyhood, the author in a conversation with Miss Graveairs (chap. xix.) justifies his previous chapter: she may banish Tristram Shandy as well as Smollett, Fielding, and Richardson, but she must not banish the Doctor! The other notable incident is of the origin of Nobs, the Doctor's horse, told with a capital comical-serious air. But when we are half way through the next volume, we are given a "Chapter Extraordinary," in which we are told that a certain club has excised a chapter in volume four, and that the author is accused of "lese delicatessen" or "tum-ti-tee." The author's defence is remarkably amusing, not least so in the introduction of the name of Southey,—a common trick throughout the book.

One reference to Sterne has already been given, and there are several others. The bohemian conversation between my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim is quoted (iv., 376) and later referred to (v., 313). Here is a frank confession of the author's taste (v., 163): "I will tell thee however, good reader, that the word itself, apart from all considerations of its mystical meaning, serves me for the same purpose to which the old tune of Lilliburlero was applied by our dear Uncle Toby,—our dear Uncle I say, for is he not *your* Uncle Toby, gentle Reader? yours as well as mine, if you are worthy to hold him in such relationship; and so by that relationship, you and I are Cousins." Our Uncle's tune is mentioned once again (vi., 361). In another place Southey says he agrees with Mr. Shandy in disliking short noses (v., 231.—cf. vii., 489); why does he not mention him again in the consideration of Onomantia and Arithemomantia (vi., 86) or that of Christian names (vii., 249)? A quotation from Sterne's Sermons (vi., 247,—also vii., 181), and a criticism of his carrying his secular style into the pulpit, will serve to show how much more steady Southey's judgment was than Sterne's. Thus are we brought around to notice the vigorous and stable views of life which make up a large part of "The Doctor"; while such views are not to be found in "Tristram Shandy."

RUSSELL OSBORNE STIDSTON.

University of Illinois, April 6, 1915.

The New Books.

FRIENDLY LETTERS OF A WANDERING NATURALIST.*

John Muir's autobiography, brief and incomplete though it unfortunately is, has traced for us in delightful fashion the gifted Scottish lad's development under the discipline of a harsh but salutary schooling, and no reader of that book can have failed to hunger for further chapters in continuation of its fascinating story. Those chapters can now never be written by the same hand that penned the earlier ones, but a partial substitute for them is offered in a collection of "Letters to a Friend" covering the years 1866-79. But it is incorrect to speak of these letters as covering the thirteen and a half years over which they are scattered. The writer was too much interested in the wonders of the world he roamed so extensively to spare time for describing his travels in any detail. It is, however, this very impatience of the drudgery of writing that causes him to pack into what he does write as much significance as the words can well convey. Poverty of thought is the last fault that will be charged against him. Hence the unusual readability, not to say charm, of these brief letters, filling in all not quite two hundred uncrowded pages.

They were written in the impressionable years of early manhood, soon after their writer had completed his four years of unpre-scribed studies at the University of Wisconsin and had, as he picturesquely expresses it in his autobiography, "wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion, which has lasted nearly fifty years and is not yet completed, always happy and free, poor and rich, without thought of a diploma or of making a name, urged on and on through endless, inspiring, Godful beauty." As to the fortunate receiver of these random letters by the way, the reader is informed in a brief prefatory note that "when John Muir was a student in the University of Wisconsin he was a frequent caller at the house of Dr. Ezra S. Carr. The kindness shown him there, and especially the sympathy which Mrs. Carr, as a botanist and a lover of nature, felt in the young man's interests and aims, led to the formation of a lasting friendship. He regarded Mrs. Carr, indeed, as his 'spiritual mother,' and his letters to her in later years are the outpourings of a sensitive spirit to one

who he felt thoroughly understood and sympathized with him. These letters are therefore peculiarly revealing of their writer's personality. Most of them were written from the Yosemite Valley, and they give a good notion of the life Muir led there, sheep-herding, guiding, and tending a sawmill at intervals to earn his daily bread, but devoting his real self to an ardent scientific study of glacial geology and a joyous and reverent communion with Nature."

It is not surprising to find that one who as a boy had so wonderful a knack at inventing "machines for keeping time and getting up in the morning, and so forth," was not lacking, when it came to letter-writing, in the literary devices that impart liveliness and character to the written word—as will appear from such selections as available space will here allow the reviewer to reproduce. As a continuation of what we already know from Muir's own story of his native skill in devising and fashioning all sorts of strange and more or less useful mechanical contrivances, the very first letter in the book, showing the young man as a factory hand somewhere in western Canada, is of interest. He writes:

"I have been very busy of late making practical machinery. I like my work exceedingly, but would prefer inventions which would require some artistic as well as mechanical skill. I invented and put in operation a few days ago an attachment for a self-acting lathe, which has increased its capacity at least one third. We are now using it to turn broom-handles, and as these useful articles may now be made cheaper, and as cleanliness is one of the cardinal virtues, I congratulate myself in having done something like a true philanthropist for the real good of mankind in general. What say you? I have also invented a machine for making rake-teeth, and another for boring for them and driving them, and still another for making the bows, still another used in making the handles, still another for bending them, so that rakes may now be made nearly as fast again. Farmers will be able to produce grain at a lower rate, the poor get more bread to eat. Here is more philanthropy; is it not? I sometimes feel as though I was losing time here, but I am at least receiving my first lessons in practical mechanics, and as one of the firm here is a millwright, and as I am permitted to make as many machines as I please and to remodel those now in use, the school is a pretty good one."

From Canada to Indiana, thence to Wisconsin, thence again to Florida and Cuba and Panama and elsewhere in the South, and finally to California and the beloved home of mountains and glaciers and other manifestations of untamed nature, we follow the eager and adventurous young scientist, finding him more nearly stationary for a considerable

* LETTERS TO A FRIEND. Written to Mrs. Ezra S. Carr, 1866-1879. By John Muir. (Limited edition.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

period in the Yosemite than at any previous stage in his journeyings. As exhibiting powers both of observation and of description, as well as a fine artistic sense, the following from this paradise of scenic delights is noteworthy:

"The Spirit' has again led me into the wilderness, in opposition to all counter attractions, and I am once more in the glory of the Yosemite. . . . I wish you could have seen the edge of the snow-cloud which hovered, oh, so soothingly, down to the grand Pilot Peak brows, discharging its heaven-begotten snows with such unmistakable gentleness and moving perhaps with conscious love from pine to pine as if bestowing separate and independent blessings upon each. In a few hours we climbed under and into this glorious storm-cloud. What a harvest of crystal flowers and what wind songs were gathered from the spiry firs and the long fringy arms of the Lambert pine! . . . After making a fire with some cedar rails, I went out to watch the coming-on of the darkness, which was most impressively sublime. Next morning was every way the purest creation I ever beheld. The little flat, spot-like in the massive spiring woods, was in splendid vesture of universal white, upon which the grand forest-edge was minutely repeated and covered with a close sheet of snow flowers."

Though lacking metre, this is as good as Lowell's poem, "The First Snow-Fall," and in the next paragraph the writer surpasses Lowell in originality (though not always in beauty) of imagery when he adds: "The common snow flowers belong to the sky and in storms are blown about like ripe petals in an orchard. They settle on the ground, the bottom of the atmospheric sea, like mud or leaves in a lake, and upon this soil, this field of broken sky flowers, grows a luxuriant carpet of crystal vegetation complete and ripe in a single night." But such scenes as these beguiled him into no merely passive contemplation of their charms. The lure of the mountains beckoned him forth, and he went with alacrity. In another letter from the same region we read:

"I have climbed more than twenty-four thousand feet in these ten days, three times to the top of the glacieret of Mt. Hoffman, and once to Mts. Lyell and McClure. I have bagged a quantity of Tuolumne rocks sufficient to build a dozen Yosemite; stripes of cascades longer than ever, lacy or smooth and white as pressed snow; a glacier basin with ten glassy lakes set all near together like eggs in a nest; then El Capitan and a couple of Tissiacks, cañons glorious with yellows and reds of mountain maple and aspen and honeysuckle and ash and new indescribable music immeasurable from strange waters and winds; and glaciers, too, flowing and grinding, alive as any on earth. Shall I pull you out some? Here is a clean, white-skinned glacier from the back of McClure with glassy emerald flesh and singing

crystal blood all bright and pure as a sky, yet handling mud and stones like a navvy, building moraines like a plodding Irishman. Here is a cascade two hundred feet wide, half a mile long, glancing this way and that, filled with bounce and dance and joyous hurrah, yet earnest as tempest, and singing like angels loose on a frolic from heaven; and here are more cascades and more, broad and flat like clouds and fringed like flowing hair, with occasional falls erect as pines, and lakes like glowing eyes; and here are visions and dreams, and a splendid set of ghosts, too many for ink and narrow paper."

Pathetic is the earlier record of an accident that threatened to incapacitate its victim for seeing with full enjoyment such sights as those just described. An injury to the right eye in those days of work with machines gave Mr. Muir what must have been in every sense a gloomy month; or two; and one is left to infer that the impairment of vision was never fully made good, though Mrs. Carr's correspondent was the last person to waste time and energy in making moan over the irremediable.

One closes the letters with a desire for more, for later and still richer records of varying experience, for intimate interchange of thought and personal history with such sympathetic friends and co-workers in nature's laboratory as, for instance, that other John of equal fame and kindred tastes, the "John of the birds" about whom Dr. Clara Barrus has recently written with so much of understanding and interpretative skill. Is it too much to hope that some such collection of later letters may ere long be published? Meantime we thank Mrs. Carr for sharing with us this feast of good things spread by the hand of her gifted friend.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

IN PRAISE OF WAR.*

Professor Cramb's book on "Germany and England," published last fall, aroused such interest that it has been deemed worth while to reprint a course of lectures he delivered in 1900, under the stimulus of the Boer war. The style and general purpose so closely resemble those of the other book, that much of what we said in THE DIAL of October 16 last is equally applicable here. We are, in fact, impressed with the idea that Professor Cramb's intellectual activities revolved around a single great central postulate, which for all practical purposes he treated as an axiom. A close student of recorded history, with all its distortion of the true facts of human development, he had come to see in Empire the consummation of

* ORIGINS AND DESTINY OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN and Nineteenth Century Europe. By J. A. Cramb. With portrait. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

man's destiny, and in war the means whereby the highest good might be attained. Thus he viewed the modern world through ancient spectacles, and interpreted it according to his vision. As an extraordinarily able exposition of his particular point of view, one which is widely shared and is very largely responsible for the present war, the work is highly significant. As a revelation of truth or a contribution to progress, it appears to have only a negative value.

It would be altogether unjust to Professor Cramb to fail to recognize that he was essentially an idealist, and therefore far removed from those who would extend the bounds of Empire or wage war for mere material gain. After vehemently declaring that the South African war was being waged for ideal ends, for the good indeed of those to be conquered, he refers to another theory in these terms:

"To assemble a host from all the quarters of this wide Empire, to make Africa, as it were, the rendezvous of the earth, for the sake of a few gold, a few diamond mines, what language can equal a design thus base, ambition thus sordid? . . . No man can believe that; no man, save him whose soul faction has sealed in impenetrable night! The imagination recoils revolted, terror-struck. Great enterprises have ever attracted some base adherents, and these by their very presence seem to sully every achievement recorded of nations or cities. But to arraign the fountain and the end of the high action because of this baser alloy? To impeach on this account all the valour, all the wisdom long approved? Reply is impossible; the thing simply is not British."

On the positive side, the eloquent description of Britain's mission as a world ruler, with its acceptance of responsibility for the good of the ruled, can hardly fail to awaken some sympathetic response:

"But a greater task awaits Britain. Among the races of the earth whose fate is already dependent, or within a brief period will be dependent upon Europe, what empire is to aid them, moving with nature, to attain that harmony which Dante discerned? What empire, disregarding the mediæval ideal, the effort to impose upon them systems, rites, institutions, creeds, to which they are by nature, by their history, by inherited pride in the traditions of the past, hostile or invincibly opposed, will adventure the new, the loftier enterprise of development [developing?] all that is permanent and divine within their own civilizations, institutions, rites and creeds? Nature and the dead shall lend their unseen but mighty alliance to such purpose! Thus will Britain turn to the uses of humanity the valour or the fortune which has brought the religions of India and the power of Islam beneath her sway. . . . With us, let me repeat, the decision rests, with us and with this generation. Never since on Sinai God spoke in thunder has mandate more imperative been issued to any race, city, or nation than now to this nation and to this people. And, again, if we

should hesitate, or if we should decide wrongly, it is not the loss of prestige, it is not the narrower bounds we have to fear, it is the judgment of the dead and the despair of the living, of the inarticulate myriads who have trusted to us, it is the arraignment eyes of the unborn."

On the other hand:

"The earthly Paradise of the social reformer, a Saint Simon or a Fourier, of a world free from war and devoted to agriculture and commerce, or of the philosophic evolutionist of a world peopled by myriads of happy altruists bounding from bath to breakfast-room, illumined and illumining by their healthy and mutual smiles, differs from the earlier fancies of Asgard and the Isles of the Blest, not in heightened nobility and reasonableness, but in diminished beauty and poetry."

Thus the tables are turned upon us, and we find ourselves appearing as the apostles of material good, ease, or inanity; while Mars stands out as the great idealist, and he who will not kill may not himself possess life in any true sense. It is the art of the conjurer, of the skilled lawyer, eagerly presenting that part of the case to which the jury must assent, then passing rapidly to a conclusion, ignoring the *non sequitur*, and skilfully fooling the untrained audience, not nimble-minded enough to detect the break in the chain. In the case of Professor Cramb, however, the deception is doubtless unconscious, and the author of the trick has succeeded in deceiving himself.

What are the actual facts in the case? It is true, in a large sense, that the British Empire has been and is in a multitude of ways a beneficent institution; largely because it has put down war and the petty struggle for dominion within its boundaries.* Most of us believe, and have constantly in our minds at the present time, that the ideals of the existing Anglo-Saxon race are the best, the most workable, yet evolved by any people in the world. We recognize, of course, that still better ideals lie in the lap of the future, inform the minds of the most progressive, and tinge the thought of multitudes who do not consciously hold them. Even these, however, seem to spring out of the civilization we have, though they may imply great changes in some of our major activities. Each one of us, then, is in a sense the soldier of an empire of thought which we desire to see dominate the world. In many respects, we are more aggressive, less modest, than Professor Cramb. Humbug is humbug, and error is error, and bacteria are no respecters of ancient religion. We propose to ourselves nothing

* A few years ago the reviewer was conversing with an educated Hindu, a fervent apostle of "India for the Indians." The point was presented, that in pre-British days the people of India continually struggled together, and altogether suffered greatly. Said the Hindu: "Were the British to go, we should not be so well governed, but we should prefer to govern ourselves, even at the expense of loss of efficiency." This man, however, represented a governing class.

less than the genuine enlightenment of the world as to the facts of nature and the ascertainable natural laws which govern the affairs of man. We propose even more than this,—namely, such reformation of customs and of conduct as shall meet the requirements of these laws.*

We believe in the struggle for progress; it seems to us, as it did to Professor Cramb, that if it were ever to come to pass that mankind had attained everything worth striving for, Nirvana would be the best consummation. The postulate is, however, absurd, contrary to all experience and reasonable expectation. The very fact that a new generation is constantly appearing on the stage is an eternal guarantee against staleness. The extraordinary expansion of experience due to modern science does but reveal untold vistas ahead. Thus the black boggy of the militarists is as unreal as any with which nurse ever frightened child.

Then, as to ideals: we may as well frankly recognize that we *have* an eye on the practical thing, even on the bread-and-butter aspect. The revolt in philosophy known as pragmatism must have its parallel in practical affairs. The fallacy that all high emotion, all inflation of soul, has some adequate relation to any sort of utility must be abandoned. It is the work of the genuinely modern idealist to test all things, to see the consequences of this or that, and act accordingly. Thus the man with the microscope and the test-tube, not the man with the gun, has the real power to determine human fate.

It is not necessary to declare all war wrong. Any one of us can imagine a situation in which he would kill a man without hesitation and with little regret. Forceful resistance to aggression, and the forcible suppression of dangerous characters, remain as necessary as ever. This, however, is a totally different thing from that proposed by Professor Cramb,—namely, the expansion of Empire through war, and a succession of wars to determine which of rival Empires is the most alive. That is the ancient fallacy, founded in a classical education and the distorted presentations of historians, which we must down before any real democracy is possible. The root of the trouble, as we said before, is educational, and the question now is whether the modern teacher can rise to meet the need and the opportunity. At present, on the whole, his efforts seem quite inadequate.

As for the British Empire, everything indicates that it is going forward along a true path of progress, of free coöperation, governed by like ideals, not by force. This means political disintegration, increasing local au-

tonomy, and special developments suited to local conditions. The United States, by language and by customs, is necessarily part of the whole great plan. We quite agree with Professor Cramb that a momentous decision awaits our race; but it is not, we hope, to be made in the sense he desired. The real question is whether we can develop individuals and groups of individuals to the best expression of their peculiar powers, without infringement on the rights of other like persons and groups. Can we exercise that eternal vigilance,—in this case principally over ourselves,—which is the price of liberty? If this is possible, we need no longer ask ourselves whether England or Germany, the United States or Canada, Australia, Japan, or China is to rule the world in the days to come.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

FANTASTIC SOLUTIONS OF SOME SHAKESPEAREAN CRUXES.*

Having read, in the publishers' advertisement, of Mr. Charles D. Stewart's "astounding success" in clearing up "the famous cruxes which have remained unsolved in Shakespeare's plays," "forty of the most perplexing passages which have heretofore baffled all attempts at explanation," we turned eagerly—though with misgivings begotten by the overloud thunderings in the index and by recollections of former experiences—to Mr. Stewart's volume and devoured the first chapter, dealing with the notorious "runaway's eyes" in "Romeo and Juliet." Our disappointment was greater than we had anticipated. But undeterred by the author's wholly unwarranted cocksureness, contempt for his predecessors, longwindedness, and other characteristics of juvenility, we faithfully—and hungrily—read on. Disappointment grew keener and keener as we read, and steadily the conviction shaped itself that here was one of those books that had no other excuse for existence than the gratification of the author's vanity ("ambitious ignorance," Mr. Stewart calls it somewhere) and, perhaps, the ill-advised flattery of his friends.

Mr. Stewart's book is intended, and can be intended, only for professed Shakespeare scholars; to others the discussion of some of the most vexatious and probably corrupt passages in Shakespeare's text is of absolutely no interest. Only a Shakespeare scholar is competent to deal with such questions; for the discussion of these problems involves a special

* SOME TEXTUAL DIFFICULTIES IN SHAKESPEARE. By Charles D. Stewart. New Haven: Yale University Press.

and thorough knowledge of the text, not only as it is but how it came to be so, of the plays as a whole, of psychology, of Elizabethan English, and of kindred subjects. Mr. Stewart, we regret to say, not only lacks these qualifications but is obsessed with a desire to prove that all his predecessors lacked common sense and that he alone of all of Shakespeare's readers possesses the ability "to follow Shakespeare in his dealings with the deeper currents of human nature." But if there is any one particular vice of which this latest elucidator of Shakespeare's text is guilty it is an almost mad desire to vindicate, at all costs, the readings of the First Folio,—a task that has led him into almost as many absurdities as the number of difficult passages with which he deals. To justify this condemnation of Mr. Stewart's methods and results, let us here epitomize and analyze a few of his readings and interpretations.

In the first scene of "Antony and Cleopatra" a messenger enters the presence of the lovers and this colloquy ensues:

"Mess. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant.

Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony."

Almost all readers of Shakespeare understand from this that Antony is irritated at the arrival of news from Cæsar and Fulvia, and that he does not want the messenger to go into details but to give a concise summary of his message. But this interpretation is too easy for Mr. Stewart. He says:

"Antony's words, 'the sum,' are in answer to Cleopatra's foregoing inquiry as to how much he loves her. . . . [He] is beginning to expatiate upon that pleasant theme, [when] the messenger arrives and interrupts him. . . . The sum—, he begins, but is again interrupted. The line should be printed with a dash after it to indicate that he has begun a sentence which is broken off."

Mr. Stewart's arguments for his emendation of the accepted text are that the messenger does not immediately answer, that Antony seems not inclined to listen to him, and that Cleopatra enjoins her lover to "hear them." But all this shows a complete failure on the part of Mr. Stewart to understand this simple passage, or to enter into the feelings of the characters. Antony, conscious of guilt and apprehending the nature of the news, and knowing that he must hear it, wants the disagreeable matter disposed of as quickly as possible. Besides, he does not want to show Cleopatra that he is afraid to hear the news from Rome in her presence. Impatiently and frowningly he asks for the news in a nutshell; whereupon Cleopatra, womanlike, knowing what is passing through his mind, finds here

an excellent opportunity to test the true quality of his love and, pretending to be unconcerned, she says in effect: "Nay, give heedful ear to the messenger." And thus this woman of infinite variety, whose mere presence is a challenge to her lover to hear his wife's message, taunts him into not hearing it. Much of this would have been clear to Mr. Stewart had he remembered, or known, that "to hear" was often employed by the Elizabethans in the sense of "to listen patiently and attentively." Besides, would Shakespeare ever have been guilty of making Antony do anything so superfluous and so commonplace as to attempt "to tell the amount of his love" just after he had said "there's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd"?

Hamlet, meeting a Norwegian Captain at the head of some troops marching through Denmark, inquires whether these extensive and fatal preparations had for their object the conquest of Poland, and is told—

"We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it."

Mr. Stewart objects to the punctuation of the last verse. He says that according "to the generally accepted interpretation the Captain is supposed to be saying that he *would not undertake to farm it to make a total profit of five ducats*, and to be repeating the 'five' simply to impress that amount on Hamlet's mind. But this is to miss the whole sense and spirit of the line." After some platitudinous comments on the nature of capital, he comes to the conclusion that the line should be printed "to pay five ducats five," because "an investment with no result but to pay five ducats five would be the *reductio absurdum* [sic] of investment." In other words, it would be absurd to invest five ducats if the venture did not result in a profit. A better illustration of a simple passage distorted beyond recognition we could not find in a summer's day, or a better example of the author's perverse method of studying Shakespeare, of his unfair dealing with his predecessors, of his utter inability to shed light on Shakespeare, and of his skill in smelling out cruxes where no one else ever suspected that any lurked. We challenge Mr. Stewart to name a single editor, critic, or commentator who gives the above-quoted paraphrase of the Captain's words. To every ordinary intelligence the Captain says exactly what the situation demands, viz., that the patch of ground for which they are going to fight and for which so many valiant men are ready to lay down their lives is so insignificant *per se* that

he would not pay five ducats, not even five, a year for the privilege of farming it and taking the revenue from it. The "five" is repeated to emphasize his contempt for it.

Let us now turn our attention to a passage which does really present some difficulties to the critics, although it is not generally classed among the cruxes. After the fortune-hunting Bassanio had luckily chosen the prize casket, Gratiano asks his consent to be married too. "With all my heart," says the happy Bassanio, "so thou canst get a wife." Gratiano replies:

"I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you."

Most modern scholarly editions of "The Merchant of Venice" print this passage as we have here given it. Mr. Stewart, however, with a few modern editors, proposes to read the last two verses as follows:

"You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you."

His interpretation of the passage is unique. After a long discussion he comes to this conclusion (p. 177):

"What Gratiano means by this last line must be evident enough. It is simply his way of saying, by way of graceful compliment [Gratiano graceful and complimentary!], that he has not gone outside of Bassanio's household for a wife. When Bassanio won Portia, her household was annexed to his own, and this included the maid Nerissa [Nerissa a maid!]; thus the one who pertains in so momentous a relation to Gratiano also pertains to Bassanio. Gratiano is allowing Bassanio to guess the truth while he approaches it with these general statements; and in his large point of view 'no more pertains to me than you,' there is the fine implication that it has always been thus between them. Even in his marriage he has not gone outside of his master's [!] circle of interests; they are now bound by a further tie."

To our thinking, if there was any such stuff in Gratiano's mind it would require not only the astuteness of the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer but of the whole Philadelphia bar to find it in the words quoted. Staunton, whose reading is that championed by our author, gives a far more satisfactory interpretation of the last line, viz.: "I owe my wife as much to you as to my own efforts."

Satisfied that the words "No more pertains to me," etc., may stand as an independent sentence, and that it therefore does so, and that it is "in strict keeping with the speaker's character," Mr. Stewart concludes (he is nothing if not logical) that "the preceding line is a statement by itself with a full stop

after 'intermission.'" And this is how he interprets "I loved for intermission":

"Here Gratiano gracefully acknowledges that his own love affair is quite secondary, in importance, to that of his master. It is figuratively referred to as a mere time-filling or stop-gap performance, . . . a mere side-issue, quite subordinate to the main event. . . . And this is quite in keeping with the self-sacrificing [!] and devoted [!] character which he upholds."

And this is the interpretation which Mr. Stewart modestly claims "settles the meaning so positively that there can be no more doubt in the matter"! And, quite true to himself, he again falsifies the interpretations of former commentators. He says: "Those who render the passage so that it reads 'for intermission no more pertains to me than you' explain it as meaning that Bassanio was incessant in love-making, and that Gratiano was the same, . . . that Bassanio was always at it and that his man Gratiano was just like him—always at it." This is a complete misrepresentation of Theobald's, Furness's, and others' interpretation. Theobald said that "intermission" means "standing idle," and all readers of Shakespeare—Mr. Stewart only excepted—understand Gratiano to say "that he could not be idle, that he had to be doing something, and that as he had nothing else to do he made love to Nerissa." And this is certainly preferable to having Gratiano, a gentleman and an intimate friend of Bassanio's, say before Nerissa, who is a lady as well born and as well bred as Portia, that his love was only a time-filling performance. Besides, with Mr. Stewart's punctuation and definition of "intermission," Gratiano is really made to say (to ordinary intelligences) that he and his friend loved only as a pastime, that sincerity in love pertains to him no more than to Bassanio. With the generally accepted text Gratiano says, in effect: "You came and saw and wooed, and so did I; my eyes can look as swift as yours, and I am not a bit 'slower' than you are."

It must not be inferred from what has preceded that Mr. Stewart's interpretations are always wrong. Now and then he is quite right, as, for instance, in the explanation of the word "ringlets" in the beautiful verse in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in which Titania speaks of the fairies dancing their ringlets to the whistling wind. Curiously enough, both Wright and Furness failed miserably in their understanding of this line. Wright said "ringlets" meant the little circular plots of grass known as "fairy rings." To this interpretation Dr. Furness objected, because fairy rings do not grow "in the beached margent of the sea"; in his opinion

Titania meant only that the fairies dance to the accompaniment of the whistling wind which meanwhile blows through their curly locks. And now Mr. Stewart assures us that Titania means no more than that the fairies danced in tiny circles. The only trouble with this interpretation is that it comes too late. Had Mr. Stewart looked no further than into "The Century Dictionary" he would have found this very passage quoted in illustration of the definition "circles" for "ringlets." Dr. Chambers, in the "Arden" edition of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," dismisses the whole thing in less than a line, thus: "ringlets, not curls, but dances in a ring"; whereas Mr. Stewart devotes considerably more than two pages to this bit of old news.

A better example of Mr. Stewart's fantastic and supersubtle method of dealing with Shakespeare's text than the following can scarcely be found anywhere. That celebrated quartet, Jackson, Seymour, Chedworth, and Becket, whose tamperings with Shakespeare are living monuments of misingenuity and wasted energy, never perpetrated anything more impossible than Mr. Stewart in his discussion of this passage in the "All's Well":

"O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim: move the *still-piecing* air
That sings with piercing." (A. W., iii, 2, 111-114.)
"Still-piecing," meaning "ever-closing, closing immediately," is Malone's generally accepted substitute for "still-peering" of the First Folio. This almost certain emendation is supported by several passages in Shakespeare which speak of the air as being woundless, invulnerable, intrenchant, etc., as well as by the words "the still-closing waters" in "The Tempest." And Verplanck quotes as a very apt illustration of the passage, and as a possible "source" for it, the following from the apocryphal book of "The Wisdom of Solomon": "As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it cometh through." Besides, "peering" is a very likely misprint or misreading for "peeing," an Elizabethan variant for "piecing." This is how Mr. Stewart wrings a meaning out of the Folio text:

"Peering, as here used, is a verb form of the noun *peer*, meaning an equal. In war (the present connection) a man's peer would be one whom he could not overcome. *Still-peering* air means that the air, despite the leaden missiles that pierce it, is ever unconquered, always unvanquished—invulnerable. . . . And so 'still-peering air' regards the atmosphere as always and ever the equal of these leaden missiles of war,—inconquerable, invulnerable."

And this is the explanation that, so Mr. Stewart tells us, makes the passage "as open to sense as any the commonest and plainest English that Shakespeare ever wrote"! It is a pity that our author has omitted to specify to an admiring world in what respect a bullet or leaden messenger of death is invulnerable and unconquerable.

Hamlet, as we know, is one great crux. It might therefore be confidently predicted that one so gifted with a genius for making cruxes, big and little, vanish into thin air as is Mr. Stewart would surely contribute his mite to the solution of the Hamlet mystery. And so he does. But he is not content with throwing a little light on the vexatious questions which we associate with the melancholy Prince; in a short chapter of twenty-six duodecimo pages printed in large type, he removes Hamlet wholly and for ever from the sphere of the problematical. The occupation of the Hamlet commentator is gone! We shall quote only a few sentences from this chapter, leaving it to the curious to read more in the original:

"Strange 'inconsistencies' arise to puzzle the commentators. *All these are easily explainable.* We cannot, however, make the *least progress* in the understanding of the true inwardness of the play until we have realized that Hamlet is a man who has been *incapacitated to have emotion*. . . . To witness a display of emotion upon the part of others was a torture to him because it reminded him of the *faculty which he had lost*. It made him feel poignantly the difference between himself and other men, a terrible state of isolation; and not only that, it confronted him continually with a live contrast between his former self and the man he had now become. . . . He makes a grand effort at passionate feeling. . . . Hamlet lives in the cold light of reason, bereft of all other relief, [and] is quite at home in a deep, canny piece of detective work. . . . The most tragic phase of his situation in life—to be a dead self. . . . His emotions are but a memory. . . . The whole world outpaced Hamlet because his insights had placed him in a terrible isolation; he was a man apart from the race. . . . Hamlet was haunted by his dead self. . . . Hamlet is not a mystery."

Had Mr. Stewart devoted himself to the study of Shakespeare, English grammar, and psychology, with half the zeal that he has devoted to discovering cruxes and to distorting Shakespeare's meaning, he would not have been guilty of many of the lesser errors that mar his book. There is no excuse for speaking of Gratiano as Bassanio's "man," of Nerrissa as a "maid" (Gratiano's "maid" differs in meaning from Mr. Stewart's), of Bassanio as Gratiano's "master." And one has read his "Romeo and Juliet" very superficially who speaks of the masked ball in Act i., Scene 5, as a "wedding feast." The obs-

lete expression "insight of," which occurs frequently in this book, sounds very harsh to a modern ear. In one place (p. 219) we read of a "terrible [sic] deep insight of the hypocrisy of mankind," and in another (p. 166) we find this sentence: "The human mind is just that superstitious." In the statement (p. 148) that "we only hope in a case of doubt" the psychology is worse than the English.

Whatever this book is, it is not helpful to the Shakespeare student.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

OLD MAGIC IN A NEW CENTURY.*

It is not uncommonly remarked that the new magic of a scientific age transcends the wonder of the old magic of a time outworn. The miracles of wireless telegraphy and radio-activity, though fast becoming commonplaces of efficiency, still retain a place of honor among amateurs. The assumption, however, that the Old Magic has actually passed, that it has utterly faded out before the new sun, is decidedly unwarranted by the facts, especially the bibliography of the last few years.

The activities of the Psychical Research Society do not so much constitute a new science as they aim to investigate some of the material of ancient magic. The Spiritualist Societies, Christian Science, Theosophy, Swedenborgianism,—all these have more than a trace of sorcery in them. The revival of Buddhism is significant. M. Maeterlinck, ultra-modern though he is in "Our Eternity," exhibits himself as a spiritual atavist in "The Unknown Guest." Such books as Bayley's "Lost Language of Symbolism," Jacks's "All Men Are Ghosts," and Rohmer's "Romance of Sorcery" speak eloquently of the vitality of the Old Magic. Indeed we are not sure but that Pragmatism has been quietly insinuating a kind of philosophical apology for the presumably unscientific.

"The Romance of Sorcery" is written not for the adept, not even for the student, but for Everyman, the aim being "to bring out the red blood of the subject." This the author has succeeded in doing, despite the difficulties in his path. The enormous mass of erudition that he must have investigated is appalling, and it is therefore not surprising that the book leaves the impression of a scrappy history of palæontology, with vast ages unrepresented. The author's attitude toward his task, as also his conception of his work, has undeniably the defects of its virtues. Be-

lieving that enough serious essays and histories and enough lives of great magicians have been written, he aims at romance, the dramatic, the pathetic, even the humorous. Not himself an adept, he is thoroughly receptive to the facts of sorcery, and sympathetic toward all the characters he presents. Though he tries hard to be fair, and speaks in a restrained and guarded tone which at times is exceedingly effective, the absence of direct citation of authority, especially in the earlier chapters dealing with the birth of sorcery, "ginnings," "sibyls," "elementals," oriental oracles, and so forth, cannot fail to arouse suspicion in the mind of a reader with the slightest critical turn. References are always of the most general nature; there are no foot-notes, no citation of chapters or pages. Sometimes he tells us, sometimes he leaves us to guess, the name of the author upon whom he relies; Philostratus presumably provides the information concerning Apollonius of Tyana, but it would be more satisfactory to know just where to look for confirmation of the story of the raising of the Roman maid from her funeral bier. Historical romances have been commonly condemned as neither good history nor good fiction, and in like manner Mr. Rohmer may tread on his own toes. His purpose is not solely or even largely entertainment; he aims to persuade. And persuasion rests upon conviction.

In the first chapter, "Sorcery and the Sorcerers," there is much curious information concerning Eliphas Levi, who "may justly be called the last of the sorcerers," and his "Magical Ritual"; also the famous "Magus or Celestial Intelligencer" by Francis Barrett. Of Apollonius of Tyana the author says: "There is so much of the marvellous in the life of the man of Tyana, that if I am to begin by doubting the possession by Apollonius of supernatural powers, I can see no end to my doubts other than that of doubting that he ever existed at all." Certainly this august Pythagorean philosopher, whose recorded life presents so many analogies to that of Socrates and Jesus, makes a worthy study.

Michel de Notre Dame, called Nostradamus, represents the magic of the sixteenth century. Since there is no life in English of this great wonder-working physician (1503-1566), the author devotes considerable space to him in this book. The evidence here is more satisfactory, and shows Nostradamus to have been a remarkable divinator. His "Centuries," in rhymed quatrains, published in 1555, contain many predictions more or less verifiable. In 1792 there was to be a "revision of centuries," followed by various reforms by the

* THE ROMANCE OF SORCERY. By Sax Rohmer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

people. This may have been merely a happy guess, but not often is a guess so accurate two and a half centuries in advance. The death of Henry II., the advent of Henry IV., and the execution "by the senate of London" of Charles I. are all foretold in fairly unequivocal terms.

The chequered career of Dr. John Dee (1527-1608), Fellow of Cambridge and Louvain, and intimate of Queen Elizabeth, is handled sympathetically, though with an air of tolerant condescension, for the author thinks Dr. Dee was very much the dupe of Edward Kelly, "the most sinister figure in the annals of alchemical philosophy," the man who claimed to have found the ivory caskets of St. Dunstan, containing the red and white powders necessary to the composition of the Philosopher's Stone.

Cagliostro appears in entertaining but fairly authentic guise as a man of great accomplishments, if lacking the genuineness of Nostradamus. The opinion of Lavater, the physiognomist, is cited in conclusion: "I believe that Nature produces a form like his only once in a century, and I could weep blood to think that so rare a production of nature should, by the many objections he has furnished against himself, be partly so much misconceived, and partly, by so many harshnesses and cruelties, have given just cause for offence." Lorenza, the "Countess," moves through the account with a tragic beauty she may not have actually possessed.

For associating Madame Blavatsky with sorcerers the author says he has already been taken to task. His answer is that many phenomena (a term which he singularly uses in the sense of "strange occurrences") connected with her career are legitimately in the realms of sorcery. Here, of course, we have purely a question of phraseology. Soldau, in his "History of Witchcraft," says: "Sorcery is illegal miracle, and miracle legitimate sorcery." Ennemoser says in the preface to his "History of Magic," still excellent even if archaic: "The Fathers of the Church looked upon the heathen oracles, and the heathens on the Christian miracles, as sorcery."

Mr. Rohmer chooses to make "sorcery" cover the entire field of mystical and supernatural: "By sorcery I understand, and intend to convey, all those doctrines concerning the nature and power of angels and spirits; the methods of evoking shades of departed persons; the conjuration of elementary spirits and of demons; the production of any kind of supernatural phenomena; the making of talismans, potions, wands, etc.; divination and chrysalomancy; and Cabalistic and cere-

monial rites." It is evident from this that all of what Ennemoser calls true mysticism, "the direct relation of the human mind to God," as well as lower and superficial manifestations, true knowledge or vision adulterated with cunning and greed, are considered together as having a common essence.

This unification of all these phenomena seems to be justified. It is the amalgam of false and true, of vision and cunning, of White and Black Art, that makes the whole subject such a mass of contradictions and anomalies. For this very reason, also, it is surviving in an age of scientific curiosity.

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

THE CASE AGAINST GERMANY.*

It can scarcely be doubted that the most trustworthy and informing books on the present war have come from the neutral countries, especially from America. Where passion is not engaged, discernment is inevitably clearer. Thus, the keenest studies of the diplomatic preliminaries are from the American writer, Beck, and the Italian, Ferrero. If these men unite in finding a verdict of "aggression" against Germany and Austria, we may be sure it is not owing to national prejudice but simply because the facts are so. Indeed, so far as the immediate occasion of the war is concerned, the case may be said to be virtually closed. Even German newspapers and public speakers are now frequently referring to the struggle as a "preventive war," waged by the Fatherland to forestall a possible future attack by the Entente powers.

Among recent American books dealing with Germany's part in the great struggle, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's "Germany Embattled" is the weightiest, not merely because of its grave tone and solemnly drawn conclusions, but also because it is a unique blending of sympathy for the German people and their aspirations with unqualified reprobation of the motives and methods of the German government in precipitating the war. The son of a German mother, an officer of the *Deutscher Verein* in his Harvard days, Mr. Villard has for many years been a close student of German conditions. He summarizes admirably the Ger-

* GERMANY EMBATTLED. By Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH GERMANY? By William Harbutt Dawson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

GERMANY AND EUROPE. By J. W. Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES: or, Germany Speaks. Compiled and analysed by John Jay Chapman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

GERMANY'S WAR MANIA. The Teutonic Point of View as Officially Stated by Her Leaders. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

GERMAN WORLD POLICIES. By Paul Rohrbach. Translated by Edmund von Mach. New York: The Macmillan Co.

man point of view in the introductory pages of his book, and then coldly demonstrates the impossibility of American approval. The failure of the insistent propaganda in this country is emphasized and the desirability of our retorting by a campaign of enlightenment in Germany is suggested. It would be well if this education might begin at home, and if those German-Americans who have fed themselves since the war began with the offerings of the "Staats-Zeitung" and its colleagues could be induced to read this book. But that is perhaps a too fond hope.

Mr. Villard finds that the menace of Germany to modern civilization proceeds from autocracy and militarism. His chapter on "Militarism and Democracy" is the clearest exposition we have seen of the way the soldier dominates the civilian in Prussianized Germany. Militarism as a result of autocracy is the text of Mr. William Harbutt Dawson's "What Is Wrong with Germany?" The writer's answer to his own question may be stated succinctly thus: Germany is out of harmony with the rest of the world because, owing to the lack of popular control in her parliament, the government is in the hands of a military clique. The author has no difficulty in showing that Germany has only the semblance of a parliamentary government, that the Reichstag is a mere "hall of echoes," and that the real driving force is the Federal Council, appointed by the princes of the various states. Mr. Dawson is perhaps the best-informed man now writing in English on matters pertaining to certain aspects of German economics and administration. In his new book there is some threshing over of old straw, with talk of Treitschke, Bernhardt, and Nietzsche; but there is also a vast amount of new information, well documented, concerning the growth of Pan-Germanism as reflected in press and parliament. Not the least interesting chapter contains a list of the bellicose utterances of the Kaiser, which cumulatively constitute a formidable refutation of the claim that he has been a man of peace.

In comparison with Mr. Dawson's book, the slender volume entitled "Germany and Europe," by Mr. J. W. Allen of the University of London, seems commonplace. It appears to have been written in the early stages of the war, and offers nothing new. Only its equable temper may be commended.

Mr. John Jay Chapman's little book, "Deutschland über Alles," is a collection of the utterances of representative Germans in defence of the policies of their country since it went to war. It is the compiler's belief that Germany is suffering from an obsession, a

collective madness combined of persecution mania and the *folie des grandeurs*. This theory, which is more suggestive than convincing, would possess greater cogency if the quoted utterances had not all been made in the heat of passion after the conflict was kindled. Certain spokesmen of all the belligerents have said things which they will doubtless regret when calmer days come. The late Dr. Emil Reich, an anglicized Austrian, wrote a book a few years ago to show that Germany was suffering from megalomania. His numerous quotations from books, speeches, etc., carry some weight precisely because they were not words uttered in haste or fury but were presumably intended at their face value. For the same reason, "Germany's War Mania," a compilation made in England, possesses interest as a collection of ante-bellum documents. In addition to writers usually quoted, General von der Goltz and Professor Delbrück are here put on record in defence of militarism. The evolution of the Crown Prince from an innocuous nondescript into a rather objectionable jingo is also concisely traced.

Dr. Edmund von Mach has rendered the American public a service by translating Paul Rohrbach's "Der deutsche Gedanke in der Welt," which first appeared in 1912 and has since gone through many editions. The translation bears the title, "German World Policies," and though somewhat "edited" for American consumption, reproduces substantially the original. Rohrbach may be described as a moderate imperialist. Fearing that the world is becoming predominantly Anglo-Saxon, he calls upon his people resolutely to assert themselves so that they may not be left out of the reckoning. The motive, it is to be observed, is not economic but political. Germany's resources are sufficient, he thinks, to support a population much larger than her present, her trade ought to continue to expand as heretofore, her emigration is negligible, she is even obliged each year to import labor. There is, then, no urgent economic need of expansion. But the task to which Germany must address herself is that of spreading her language, her civilization and its influences, her *Kultur* (to use a word that has lately been soiled by all ignoble use), to the ends of the world. The author holds this to be a cardinal necessity if Germany is not to be recreant to her native strength. And for this high destiny colonies and spheres of influence are essential. With many of these aspirations a neutral may readily sympathize, especially as Rohrbach, unlike Bernhardt, does not advocate aggressive warfare. He has even a keen eye for German faults. Speaking of the

failure of his country to placate Poles, Danes, and Alsations, he remarks upon the German "inability to make moral conquests" for which "the North German character is most to blame." There can be no doubt that Rohrbach rather than Bernhardt represented the feelings of the majority of Germans before the outbreak of the war. All the more pity that the government chose the Pan-Germanic path.

W. K. STEWART.

RECENT FICTION.*

Ho for the Spanish Main in the brave days of the buccaneers! The ringing call comes to our ears with "The Gentleman Adventurer," by Mr. H. C. Bailey, a romancer who has proved his quality on several previous occasions. Here is a pirate story calculated to quicken the most jaded sense and to stir the most sluggish blood. It tells of Peter Hayle, implicated out of good nature in a plot against the life of Dutch William in 1695, and making a hasty exit from England to save his neck. He is shanghaied in London, taken to the West Indies and sold as a slave, and there, escaping from servitude in the company of a burly ruffian named Luke Veal, captures a ship, runs up the Jolly Roger, and carves out for himself piratical fame. He is a considerate buccaneer, who never scuttles a ship for the fun of the thing, and his chief exploit is the putting out of business of Estevan, a pirate of the most reprehensible sort, whose villainies make Peter's gorge rise and inspire him with loathing. Estevan is ruler of a private pirate kingdom on the coast of Honduras, and his store of treasure suffices to set Peter up for life when he returns to England and his erstwhile honest existence. The tale is romantic in the extreme; the French maiden whom Peter rescues is taken home as his wife, while the serpent-woman, the mistress of Peter and Luke in their days of slavery, kidnapped by them and wedded to Luke, seeks to betray her lord and master to Estevan, and is properly slain in the ensuing fight, another woman having already appeared upon the scene to fill the place thus made vacant. The book has an ingenious fertility of invention, and a raciness of style that is a constant delight.

"Bealby" is the best fun that Mr. H. G. Wells has given us since "Ann Veronica," and it is sheer unadulterated fun beyond anything that could be claimed for that startling por-

traiture of the New Young Woman. In fact, the genuine creative talent of Mr. Wells is better exhibited by his studies of "life among the lowly"—by his Lewisham, Polly, and Kippis—than by all his sociological vaticinations and his monotonous criticism of the way in which the world chooses at present to conduct its affairs. Bealby is just a small boy of twelve or so, a gardener's stepson put out to service in the household of a local magnate. He goes unwillingly to the scene of his labors, and things begin to happen as soon as he gets there. It is something to plunge a toasting-fork into the face of an under-butler, but this deed pales into insignificance when the boy, in his precipitate flight from the wrath otherwise to come, upsets the Lord Chancellor (at that moment a week-end guest), and forces from the latter's lips a word euphemistically described as "one brief topographical cry." The Lord Chancellor has had a rasping experience already, and is not in the best of tempers; the encounter with Bealby is the last camel—we mean the last straw—and hastens his departure from that hospitable roof with anathema in his heart. Bealby also thinks it wise to depart, naturally with the utmost secrecy, and thus enters upon a veritable odyssey of adventure. He attaches himself for a few days to a party of three ladies engaged in a care-free tour of the countryside in a caravan; then, getting into further trouble, takes a new flight and sets by the ears the population of a neighboring town already posted with bills offering a reward for his capture. He is finally seized and taken to the Lord Chancellor to explain the innocent cause of the original offending, but his lordship does not believe a word of the confession, and sputters anew the conviction that he has been made the victim of a damnable conspiracy. Finally, Bealby, much chastened, returns to the step-parental roof, and begs to be allowed another chance. This rollicking story has many other elements of interest—the romance of the officer and the actress-lady of the caravan, the tramp with whom the boy consorts and eventually "does," and Lord Chickney, who tries to figure as *deus ex machina*, and distinctly does not succeed in straightening out the tangle. It is all broadly farcical, of course, but it keeps the interest sharpened at every juncture, and the author resists measurably the temptation to digress into social homiletics.

It was a safe prediction that many months would not pass before Mr. Will Levington Comfort seized the occasion offered by the world-war for a novel upon that engrossing theme. "Red Fleece" is not the big work that he might have written had he taken longer

* THE GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER. By H. C. Bailey. New York: George H. Doran Co.

BEALBY. A Holiday. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

RED FLEECE. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Co.

AN EMPEROR IN THE DOCK. By Willem de Veer. New York: John Lane Co.

about it, or that he probably will give us in the future, but as an impressionistic preliminary sketch it is very acceptable. Its hero is an American newspaper correspondent, and its action is upon the Austrian frontier. Its battle-pictures suggest to us those of "The Red Badge of Courage," although they are not evolved, as Crane's were, from the inner consciousness of the writer, for Mr. Comfort has seen war at first hand, and knows all its ghastliness. Since this knowledge is combined with an intense missionary zeal in behalf of human brotherhood, and deep sympathy for the hapless lives reared only to become *Kanonenfutter*, Mr. Comfort's message is delivered with poignancy and force, and his didacticism is hardly of the censurable sort. The habitual mysticism of his treatment of woman is once more exemplified in this novel, and Berthe Wyndham is a worthy addition to his gallery of consecrated souls. Our old friend Fallows of "Down Among Men" reappears in these pages, and preaches his good old gospel of the cause of the People. As a stylist, Mr. Comfort has never done better work. "His clothing smelled of death; and one morning before the smoke fell, he watched the sun shining upon the pine-clad hills. That moment the thought held him that the pine trees were immortal, and men just the dung of the earth." It is not given to many men to write such English as that.

If Mr. Willem de Veer, the Dutch author of "An Emperor in the Dock," were to set foot on German soil, we tremble at the thought of what would happen to him. The ordinary penalties for *lèse-majesté* would clearly be inadequate, and "something lingering" would have to be devised for his special case. The title of this book arouses pleasurable anticipations, which are, however, not realized, as the author is evidently an amateur, and his yarn is badly written, and devoid of all probability. Such as it is, we may recount it in brief outline. Two Englishmen are fishing in Norway when the war breaks out, and accept the invitation of a Dutch yachtsman to be his guests on the homeward voyage. One of the boat's officers is a German spy, who does his best to cripple the yacht on its way back. Presently it encounters a German cruiser, which gives chase, but soon comes to grief when its career is ended by a mine. The yacht speeds to the rescue of the survivors, and picks up two drowning men, who are taken aboard. One of them is discovered to be "The Disturber of the World's Peace in *propria persona*"; the other is his devoted attaché. The distinguished visitors are locked up, but contrive to break loose from their cabin, and, with the aid

of the German spy already mentioned, seek to gain command of the yacht, incidentally committing murder in the attempt. An impromptu court is organized for the trial of the imperial offender, who is obliged to listen to some very plain speaking about his own character, and who, "with an expression on his face of mingled prussic acid and disdain," replies to his accusers with what one of the children in "The Golden Age" calls "horrid implications." When the subject of his conduct has been thoroughly inquired into by the court, the decision as to whether he shall be set free or hanged as a pirate is decided in favor of clemency, and he is landed at a Dutch port. The treatment of this highly dramatic material is meant to be serious, but it hardly escapes being burlesque. The dock in which the case of this Exalted Person is eventually adjudicated will, we imagine, prove an entirely different affair.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

Given a good-looking man of New England upbringing, who is afraid of women to the point of avoidance of them, and has no just notion of what to do with them when he has passed the point of avoidance, and "A Reluctant Adam" (Houghton) stands forth in Mr. Sidney Williams's novel of that name. It is a recital of the rather pawky hero's love affairs, from adolescent spooning down to a suddenly acquired and as suddenly dismissed *grande passion* which comes to nothing whatever. Though there remains a feeling that it serves him right, so brief a time and space are allotted this latter episode in the narrative that a sense of disappointment remains. The protagonist seems to be a man without either respect for womankind or the code of a gentleman to keep him out of mischief, and he deserves to have his punishment made more explicit.

"Barbara's Marriages" (Harper), by Mrs. Maude Radford Warren, has been written with the earnest desire to cast light upon the vast problem of love, in and out of marriage. The heroine is of an excellent Virginia family that has somewhat gone to seed. Her first lover is much her elder, and is killed so soon after marriage that she may be said not to have been married at all. Her second lover is as disagreeable a cad as one is likely to meet, who exhibits a supermannish selfishness in his love that makes one wonder why he should have consented to a secret marriage. He is duly divorced; but there is a child to come, of which he is ignorant. The third matrimonial engagement is with a gentleman of Barbara's own class, a lifelong friend. The interest of the book is in the second affair, the last being rather carelessly developed.

The Union of South Africa is intimately treated in Mr. F. E. Mills Young's "Valley of a Thousand Hills" (Lane). A young Englishman seeking a

new career as manager of a cattle-growing estate, and a daughter of the Boers with more education than her parents, play the leading parts. Much of the laxity of living which crops out where widely differing civilizations meet and mingle on frontiers is written into the narrative. The disagreeable part in the story is taken by a young native of English blood who is weak rather than vicious, the hero supplanting him in the affections of the beautiful Dutch girl. The dramatic climax comes with the uprising of the Hindu coolies in Natal, which permits discussion of the racial difficulties almost certain to appear when Asiatics are admitted to Caucasian communities in numbers. The book is admirably put together.

A rare figure is the protagonist of Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson's "Johnny Applesseed" (Harper). That the American wilderness a hundred years ago should have given birth to lives of fine self-sacrifice was to be expected; but here was a man with a sense of social service such as the world is still more than a hundred years away from. Jonathan Chapman was, and must have been, a New Englander. He conceived the idea of going about through the new settlements of the central west and planting applesseeds, that the children of the pioneers might have the joy of orchards. He devoted a life to it, and few lives have been better or more profitably spent. Mrs. Atkinson's pages show much research, and bring to life a figure and a time which should never be forgotten.

In America, such a title as Mr. Oliver Onions has given his new book, "Mushroom Town" (Doran), would mean something in the oil regions, or mining regions, or other newly opened territory, which had grown up in a day,—as Oklahoma City did, for example. In more leisurely Wales, with all the assistance England can afford, it takes thirty years or thereabouts to turn the sleepy village of Llanlygo into a lively and popular seaside resort. How it was done, and what was the effect upon both early inhabitants and promoters, is told with vivacity and discernment. Incidentally one learns a good deal about the Welsh people, who have played an astonishingly small part in English fiction hitherto.

When out of sorts with the world, especially with the world of city-life, such a book as Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton's "The Idyl of Twin Fires" (Doubleday) may be taken as both a sedative and an alterative. "Twin Fires" is the name a weary instructor in English, escaped to a New England hillside farm, gives to his place on the suggestion of a girl doctor of philology who comes to a neighboring boarding-house. How the old house is made better and lovelier than new, how the landscape is made beautiful, the garden glorified, and the farm made reasonably productive, constitutes half the idyl; the feminine doctor of philology provides the better half.

Given a young American girl of good stock and rustic training and allow an elderly maiden lady of strong will, large means, and excellent social position to take her in tow from purely selfish reasons, and "The Diary of a Beauty" (Lippincott) is likely to come out much as Mrs. Molly Elliot

Seawell records it. Her lovely creature had one bad time, but that was when she temporarily lost her good looks; the world was at her feet the rest of the time, except when she most needed it to be, and then it flatly failed her. Beauty, we learn, is more highly prized in Europe than in America, because of its greater rarity over there.

As a title, "August First" (Scribner) suggests the war; but there is nothing about war in its pages, except the war of a soul with itself. It is the joint work of Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews and Mr. Roy Irving Murray, and its chief characters are an anglican curate and an unhappy rich girl. The latter has nearly every trouble that can come with wealth, and the former has the cure of her soul through circumstance. A difficult problem is permitted to solve itself through details not inherent in the problem itself, and it all ends prettily. The book gives curates another valid reason for existing.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Handbooks on the art and craft of letters.

The new series entitled "The Art and Craft of Letters" (Doran) promises to be, for the most part, authoritative in text, as it is inexpensive and attractive in form. Four little volumes have already been issued: "Satire," by Mr. Gilbert Cannan; "History," by Mr. R. H. Gretton; "The Epic," by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie; and "Comedy," by Mr. John Palmer. Of these the first is the least satisfactory. Though often happy in its *obiter dicta*, as most critical books are these days, it is too offhand, too slight, too vague, and suggests a lack of background. Much of it is merely celebration of the author of "Erewhon," whose service to English life and letters may be "not less great than that of Boileau to the French." Mr. Abercrombie's study of the epic is much better in all respects: it is closely reasoned, interesting, and sound. Regarding epics "primarily as stages of one continuous development," the author discusses the nature of the epic from the hoary beginnings to our own day. He questions "whether it is really justifiable or profitable to divide epic poetry into the two contrasted departments of 'authentic' and 'literary.'" Avoiding rigid definition, he indicates the nature of the epic by noting that "It must be a story, and the story must be told well and greatly; and, whether in the story itself or in the telling of it, significance must be implied." To the process of epic poetry the "Nibelungenlied" contributed "plot in narrative"; the "Argonautica" contributed analytic psychology, and love as one of the primary values of life; Virgil, besides heightening old aims and effects, contributed the expression of "social consciousness" by celebrating the Roman Empire. "In 'Paradise Lost,' the development

of epic poetry culminates, as far as it has yet gone." "After Milton, it seems likely that there is nothing more to be done with objective epic. But Hugo's method, of a connected sequence of separate poems, instead of one continuous poem, may come in here." Mr. Palmer's essay on comedy, though less brilliant than Meredith's, has wider vision. He makes much of the varying sources of laughter. "We laugh," he says, "in different languages." The essay by M. Bergson that has attained such a vogue is "based almost entirely upon the comedies of Molière." These are comedies of "social gesture." They are comedies of "la parfaite raison." But they are not of the same type as English comedy. The Englishman "is incapable of seeing things critically, as a being of simple intelligence, for five minutes together. His feelings intrude." His is the comedy of humor. Shakespeare's "Troilus" and "All's Well" are between the two. Falstaff is representative of English comedy; "Falstaff is not judged: he is accepted. . . . We are asked to become part of his folly." "A national English comedy might conceivably have grown out of Jonson, humanized by Fletcher. But Congreve killed the comedy of 'humours' and the pastoral comedy of pretty feeling, putting in their place something the English have never understood and were unable to continue," — the comedy of manners. For the present and the future, Mr. Palmer would have English comic writers put aside purely intellectual comedy as alien to their spirit, and, instead, recreate the comedy of humor. Let their model "be Shakespeare's way with Hermia and Rosalind, not Molière's way with the 'Précieuses Ridicules.'" This is sound advice, and it is needed.

*The fallacies of
"preparedness."*

A capable presentation of the view that military force insures against defeat in war and therefore against having war at all, is contained in the volume entitled "Peace Insurance" (McClurg), by Mr. Richard Stockton, Jr. Of course the writer's fundamental contention is that the United States ought to take out more insurance of this kind than it has done; though he offers no explanation as to why Europe, which has long carried very heavy insurance of this sort, has now so destructive a war upon its hands. The book contends that the Army and Navy are not a burden during peace, and may if properly managed become paying business institutions; that however desirable, arbitration, disarmament, or financial pressure offer no prospect of relief from national rivalries; that the cost of war in

lives, misery, and money has been exaggerated; that there are many compensations for the horrors of war, and that more has been gained than lost in many wars; that the soldier and sailor are often slandered; that military force is not opposed to the interests of the average man; that our past wars show the need for a definite military policy; that the recommendations of the General Staff and of the Naval Board are reasonable and wise. Mr. Stockton deserves praise for the usually dispassionate tenor of his work. He shows considerable respect for Mr. Norman Angell, whom he pronounces "the most practical of pacifists." He has less patience with Dr. Jordan, whom he considers "a dreamer" who is "apparently better acquainted with the military possibilities of the various nations than are the men who, as professional soldiers, make these matters their life study." Following up this thought of professionalism, Mr. Stockton declares it unfortunate that civilian bodies (which must mean the President, the Secretary of War, and Congress, representing the people) should control our military establishments. But he is not at all satisfied with America's military past. He deplores the impression given by our histories that our soldiers in past wars have shown superiority to the enemy. The unhappy result of this teaching is that the nation continues to rely upon volunteers, when the facts of war show that trained troops alone are equal to modern campaigning. Our own past military history, says Mr. Stockton, proves this most conspicuously. "Throughout the entire Revolution, the militia continued to run, desert, mutiny, and generally imperil the welfare of the Thirteen Colonies." And witness Bull Run, in which the volunteer Union army took flight; whereas an army of trained troops might have crushed its opponents and ended the war. That the victorious Confederate army at Bull Run also consisted of volunteers seems to have escaped the writer's notice. But if Mr. Stockton is not satisfied with our military past, he is able to secure much comfort and moral support for his cause from utterances by former Presidents (some of them civilians, by the way), especially Washington. This dependence upon the past is one of the chief points in which those who strive to avert war differ from the militarists. The latter see only war in the past; the civilist (as the anti-militarist chooses to be called) sees a continuous development of law and order and a corresponding objection to war. The militarist finds his warrant in what has been; the civilist in what ought to be and can be if man will but determine to have it so.

*Essays, ethical
and philosophic.*

Both knowledge and wisdom, both book-learning and acquaintance with life, speak in the pages of Mr. Horace J. Bridges's ethical and philosophic and speculative essays grouped under the general title, "Criticisms of Life: Studies in Faith, Hope, and Despair" (Houghton). Mr. Bridges, English by birth and breeding, but now "a candidate for the citizenship of this Republic," as he declares himself, is the leader of the Ethical Society in Chicago, and his book is to be taken as an earnest endeavor to apply the principles of the Ethical Movement to the several problems, religious and social and moral, which the volume discusses; or, in his own words, "it is in the light of these two principles—the principle of Idealistic Naturalism and the principle of the Supremacy of Ethics—that I have re-examined the special problems dealt with by the writers and thinkers whose works I have used as texts." Lest the occurrence of the word "despair" in his sub-title should mislead, the author explains at the outset that in adducing illustrations of that state of mind "the purpose has been not merely to criticize the doctrines rejected, but to justify faith and hope by destroying the grounds of their opposites." After this and other preliminary remarks the book opens with a study in religious experience, with Francis Thompson's poem, "The Hound of Heaven," as a text, re-enforced by an abundance of apt illustration. Then follow a sharp attack on Mr. Chesterton as a theologian, a scorching criticism of Professor Haeckel's philosophy of the universe, a calmly rational consideration of Sir Oliver Lodge's famous Presidential Address, of two years ago, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a critical review of "The Inside of the Cup," a strong protest against the "new morality" advocated in the writings of Miss Ellen Key and Mr. Bernard Shaw, an arraignment of M. Maeterlinck and Colonel Ingersoll for daring to maintain the justifiability of suicide in certain circumstances, a panegyric on Captain Scott, and a brief epilogue on the European war. Notable amid other pronounced features of the book is the author's disapproval of Mr. Chesterton as an argumentative writer; he is "the supreme genius of inaccuracy," as we are assured more than once, in varying terms, both in the chapter devoted to him and elsewhere. But, by a sort of nemesis familiar to those who have studied the habits of that two-edged sword called criticism, the critic himself falls into the trap of inaccuracy and exaggeration in the very act of accusing the other of those failings. For

instance, he speaks of Mr. Chesterton's astonishing and not always admirable productivity thus: "We find him every week in the 'Illustrated London News' and the London 'Daily Herald' . . . and almost every month in almost every magazine"—which is obviously untrue as well as impossible even in the case of that inexhaustible genius. In general, however, Mr. Bridges is temperate as well as agreeably readable; his sanity and sweet reasonableness are qualities of which we cannot have too much in these days; and it is to be hoped his book will have the wide reading it so richly deserves.

*Disraeli during
the decade
1846-1855.*

The revival of interest in the problems of the British Empire, which came in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and which has been especially prominent in English politics since the great struggle with the Boers, has naturally turned the thoughts of Englishmen back to the statesman who more than any other Prime Minister strove to enlarge the dominions of England over the seas. It was found to the regret of many that no adequate biography had been written of Benjamin Disraeli, that no author had ever attempted to trace the development of the seemingly contradictory principles of his political philosophy. A few years ago Mr. Murray, the English publisher, undertook to bring out such a work, the writing of which was to be done by Mr. W. F. Monypenny, a young journalist who had achieved great distinction in his profession. Two volumes appeared in due time, carrying the narrative down to 1846. "When Mr. Monypenny was completing for the press the second volume of this biography his health was rapidly failing, and he died ten days after its publication." Mr. George Earle Buckle, at one time editor of the London "Times," assisted the author in putting his last volume through the press, and to him the publishers have assigned the task of completing the biography. Volume III., which has recently appeared, is therefore almost entirely Mr. Buckle's work; Mr. Monypenny had collected and sifted a large amount of materials, but he left only one chapter completely written—an analysis of Disraeli's novel "Tancred." Mr. Buckle has followed faithfully the plan originally adopted; to a large extent the documents, as in the earlier volumes, are allowed to tell their own story; but on the whole, Mr. Buckle maintains a better proportion between documents and narrative. Like his predecessor, he writes from a Tory viewpoint. The new volume covers the period from 1846 to 1855, the period of Disraeli's rise to leadership

among the protectionist Tories and of his successful effort to reshape Toryism along broader conservative lines. The most notable feature of Mr. Buckle's study, aside from a detailed history of protectionism in its decline, is his defence of Disraeli against the charge that he was insincere when he came forward as the champion of the corn laws. The author believes that he was thoroughly honest in his support of the agrarian interests, but that he regarded protection as an expedient, not a principle, and that he abandoned it because he realized that England was done with corn laws. Lord Derby, who was Disraeli's chief, is treated with some severity; Mr. Buckle finds him lacking in foresight and especially in political courage. The volume contains some discussion of personal matters, but on the whole it is chiefly a history of Disraeli's activities in parliament and of English politics generally during the period under review. The original plan was to complete the biography in three volumes; three have now appeared, and Disraeli has scarcely been launched upon his great career. Unless some different plan is adopted for the remainder of the work, we may look for at least three volumes more. (Macmillan.)

The protection of wild life.

In his book entitled "Wild Life Conservation in Theory and Practice" (Yale University Press) Dr. William T. Hornaday has brought together the substance of a series of lectures delivered in 1914 before the Forest School of Yale University. Mr. Frederic C. Walcott has added a chapter on private game preserves as factors in conservation, and a useful bibliography of the more recent works on wild birds with special reference to game preserves and the protection and propagation of game. Dr. Hornaday, in his noble fight on behalf of the wild life of America, has realized the importance of awakening the interest of the universities. "What is needed," he says, "and now demanded of professors and teachers in all our universities, colleges, normal schools, and high schools, is vigorous and persistent teaching of the ways and means that can successfully be employed in the wholesale manufacture of public sentiment in behalf of the rational and effective protection of wild life." In emphasizing the vital importance of conservation, from an economic even more than from a sentimental standpoint, Dr. Hornaday offers encouragement to further effort by setting forth what has already been accomplished by a comparatively small body of earnest-minded men and women. This work may be summarized as follows: (1) seventy per cent of the

killing of non-game-birds has been stopped; (2) the killing of game has been restricted to open seasons, which have steadily been made shorter; (3) long close seasons, usually for five years, have been extended to a very few species threatened with local extinction; (4) the sale of game has been prohibited in seventeen states; (5) the importation of wild birds' plumage for millinery and the use of native birds as hat ornaments have been completely suppressed; (6) the creation of a large number of national and state game-preserves and bird refuges has been brought about; (7) a partial suppression of the use of extra-deadly firearms in killing birds has been effected; (8) the enactment of a law placing all our 610 species of migratory birds under the protection of the federal government has been secured. Dr. Hornaday's book should do much to widen and deepen the interest in the protection of our wild life, and particularly the saving from imminent extermination of several important species.

Confessions of Frederick the Great.

A timely publication is Messrs. Putnam's reprint of "The Confessions of Frederick the Great," edited by Mr. Douglas Sladen, with a "Foreword" by Mr. George Haven Putnam, and a translation of Treitschke's "Life of Frederick the Great" appended. If today's interpretation of the "Confessions" is different from that which historical criticism would have accorded it a year ago, this difference shows how even criticism must bear its burdens in the face of upsetting facts. Mr. Sladen explains that Carlyle's "million words" are too many for the curious of these days: a smaller book about Frederick has its place. The text of the "Confessions" is taken from an eighteenth century translation, and one regrets that Mr. Sladen did not tell us about the text of Frederick's original,—whether it is included in the Berlin edition of his works, and what those editors said of it. No one can hope to write of Frederick with authority who has not made himself familiar with that remarkable set of books. That Mr. Sladen is not ignorant of the collected edition is evident in his criticism of Treitschke's praise of Frederick's "Anti-Machiavell," as indicating views long held by Frederick, presumably after he came to the throne. Mr. Sladen might have added that the "Anti-Machiavell" was written before the invasion of Silesia gave the lie to all that was genuinely noble in the earlier writings of the Crown Prince. It would be unfair to satisfy curiosity by quoting from the "Confessions"; they are worth reading, and one may duti-

fully record a sense of loathing at the doctrines they reveal. Mr. Putnam's "Foreword" prepares the reader for the political purpose of the "Life of Frederick the Great" by Treitschke. This is the work of what one may call the Historian-Laureate of the Hohenzollerns. It is small wonder, after the testimony of such foreigners as Macaulay and Carlyle, that a scholar of the Court should try to outdo the hero-worship of Frederick. But nothing in Treitschke reaches the level of Macaulay's paragraph describing Frederick's unification of the Germans. One may indeed acquit the Germans of having originated the Prussian epic: the stuff of Prussian history was first made eloquent for all time by these masters of English prose. And it is significant that no complete collection of Frederick's writings was made until some years after the appearance of Macaulay's brilliant essay.

*Lesser-known
builders of the
Panama Canal.*

Mr. Theodore P. Shonts sowed, and Colonel George W. Goethals reaped; the Second Isthmian Commission labored, and the Third Isthmian Commission entered into its labors. Such, in brief, is the burden of Mr. W. Leon Pepperman's argument in "Who Built the Panama Canal?" (Dutton), the story of the big ditch as told by the Chief of Office of Administration of the Second Isthmian Canal Commission. Naturally enough the hero of the Panama Canal is, to most of us, he who carried the great engineering enterprise to a triumphant termination; and almost without exception the published accounts of that undertaking ascribe the glory to the present Governor of the Canal Zone, whom in this season of national rejoicing over the completion of the mammoth task all are eager to honor with the recognition he unquestionably deserves. Hence there is room, and to spare, in the book-world for a volume calling attention to the man who, as one of the engineers expressed it in speaking of Mr. Shonts and those under him, "built the machine and started it going, and then gave the handle to Goethals, who turned the crank and ground out the results." Mr. John F. Stevens, Chief Engineer under Mr. Shonts, is also duly honored in Mr. Pepperman's pages, and, still further to discharge a neglected duty, the abortive efforts of the French to cut the western continent in two are made to appear of vast though commonly unrecognized importance. In fact, the author contends that "the three controlling factors in the final construction of the waterway across the Isthmus of Panama were the French, Theodore Roosevelt, and the railroad men," the

chief of the last-named being, of course, Mr. Shonts. Noteworthy on its artistic side are the book's reproductions of Mr. Joseph Pennell's deservedly famous pictures of Panama Canal scenes. To these are added good portraits of the chief architects of the great work. Mr. Pepperman's book was needed to help round out the story of the big canal.

*Mr. Markham's
latest volume
of verse.*

There is a lilt and rush of melody in much of the recent verse of Mr. Edwin Markham, now collected under the title of "The Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems" (Doubleday), which make the worm-eaten lines of the "new" poets seem shabby by contrast. Witness this from "Virgilia":

"What was I back in the world's first wonder?—
An elf-child found on an ocean reef,
A sea-child nursed by the surge and thunder
And marked for the lyric grief."

Or this from its sequel, "The Crowning Hour":

"We are caught in the coil of a God's romances—
We come from old worlds and we go afar:
I have missed you again in the Earth's wild
chances—
Now to another star!"

The poet is represented in various moods. Best of the narrative verse is "The Juggler of Touraine," the juggler being described as a jolly punchinello trotting out on tipsy stilts from a strange old mediæval legend of the Madonna. The title poem is rich in imagery; it is otherwise adequate in the main, but it leaves the suggestion that the search for the blue flower, the blue bird, the shoes of the shoeless beggar, or whatever the symbol, is not the theme, for Mr. Markham at least, that will most nobly "shake the soul and let the glory out." Nor do the songs of war and peace, of social vision, of religion, strike depths as unerringly as do those of love and youth. Of unusual distinction is "Villon: He Still Complained of His Piteous Plight," for there is more than the cynic's philosophy about the vagaries of fortune in the recurring last line of each stanza of the poem, which begins as follows:

"Here am I now in a piteous plight,
Doused and dour in a hell, you see;
For I slipt and fell in the mortal fight;
I was one, but the fates were three!"

*Cogent reasons
for not drinking.*

A pity it is that those who would most benefit by a thoughtful and fair-minded reading of Dr. Joseph H. Crooker's book, "Shall I Drink?" (Pilgrim Press) are the very ones least likely to give it even a glance. Its arguments, supported by the best of medical and penological

and other competent authority, against the use of alcoholic liquors are so obvious as well as unanswerable that the only wonder is they should have to be stated at all. But it has long been a self-evident truth that men are governed, not by their reason, but by their feelings; and hence it is that all the world does not eagerly accept and profit by such convincing demonstrations of its folly as this from Dr. Crooker. Without fanaticism he urges the desirability, from almost every point of view, of having nothing to do with alcoholic drinks, marshalling his facts and figures and other instruments of persuasion, or dissuasion, in ten well-considered chapters, beginning with the ancient origin of what he calls "the drink superstition," proceeding with a calm examination of all that can be said in favor of a more or less restricted indulgence in intoxicants, exposing the failure of even the famous Gothenburg system and showing that "liquor selling and liquor drinking can no more be made harmless than gambling and leprosy," and concluding with an encouraging survey of present "signs of promise." Sixteen copyrighted charts of the Scientific Temperance Federation are inserted by permission as a graphic aid to the enforcement of the argument against drink.

The most interesting of wild animals.

No subject of natural history offers a more fascinating field for study than the life-history of the American beaver. The beaver has probably been the subject of more pure fiction than any other known animal; yet when one has read such a book as Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore's "Romance of the Beaver" (Lippincott), in which every statement is supported by indisputable evidence, generally the result of the author's own painstaking observations, one is left with the feeling that the true life of the beaver is quite as wonderful as the fictitious exploits with which the industrious little animal is credited in some of our early narratives. Mr. Dugmore makes no more ambitious claim for his book than that he has tried to keep the subject free from exaggeration and technicalities. He has done that, and a good deal more. He has brought together an extraordinary mass of material relating to the life, habits, and wonderful engineering feats of the beaver; he has presented this material in a most attractive and convincing way, and he has illustrated every point with a photograph or an original drawing. Incidentally he makes a strong plea for the protection of "the most interesting animal to-day extant." The book makes a welcome addition to the scanty literature on the beaver.

NOTES.

"The Socialist and the War," by Mr. William English Walling, is a volume announced for April issue by Messrs. Holt.

Two novels scheduled for publication this month by Messrs. Putnam are Miss Ethel M. Dell's "The Keeper of the Door" and Miss Leslie Moore's "The Jester."

Mr. Ernest Rhys has prepared a biographical sketch of Rabindranath Tagore, his ideals, achievements, and ambitions, which Messrs. Macmillan will publish.

Baron de Kusel (Bey), formerly controller general of Egyptian customs, has written a volume of reminiscences which will be issued by Messrs. John Lane Co.

A book on "Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature," by Professor Lane Cooper of Cornell University, is soon to appear with Messrs. Ginn & Co.'s imprint.

"The Little Man, and Other Satires," studies of various phases and types of modern society by Mr. John Galsworthy, is promised for early issue by Messrs. Scribner.

M. Pierre Berger's study of "William Blake: His Mysticism and Poetry," which has attracted much attention in France, is soon to appear in an English translation made by Mr. D. H. Conner.

In his forthcoming volume on "Arms and the Race," Professor R. M. Johnston shows the difficulties in the way of disarmament and considers, as a matter of history, the effect of war upon nations.

The first book dealing with the author of "Erewhon" is soon to appear in Mr. Gilbert Cannan's "Samuel Butler: A Critical Study." It would be edifying to have Butler's own comments on this enterprise.

A new volume of Mr. L. P. Jacks's stimulating essays is soon to be published under the title, "Urgent Themes." Mr. Jacks is editor of "The Hibbert Journal," and the author of several previously published books.

During the month Colonel S. B. Steele's "Forty Years in Canada," the record of a frontiersman and soldier, will be issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona has written an introduction for the volume.

Mr. A. C. Benson's memoir of his brother, Monsignor Benson, soon to be published under the title "Hugh," is not intended as a formal and finished biography. It was only written "to fix scenes and memories before they suffered from any dim obliteration of time."

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, whose several volumes of "Reminiscences of a Diplomats's Wife" have been widely read and enjoyed, will give us some additional chapters of autobiography in a book entitled "Seven Years on the Pacific Slope," to appear during the spring.

The first volumes to appear in the "New Poetry Series," announced by the Houghton Mifflin Co., are the following: "Irradiations," by Mr. John

Gould Fletcher; "Japanese Lyrics," by Lafcadio Hearn; "The Winnowing Fan," by Mr. Lawrence Binyon; and an anthology, "Some Imagiste Poets."

An autobiographical "Revery on My Childhood and Youth," by Mr. W. B. Yeats, is likely to prove one of the most interesting publications of the season. The volume will bear the imprint of the Cuala Press of Dublin. We note also the announcement of an impending critical study of Mr. Yeats, from the pen of Mr. Forrest Reid.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine is preparing to compile a collection of Mark Twain's letters, which Messrs. Harper will publish. In his recent biography he was forced to restrict the inclusion of any correspondence of Twain to such letters as illuminated the text, but now his aim is to print all the available correspondence which will come into his hands.

Professor Gilbert Murray's "The Stoic Philosophy," to be published this month, is the sixth of the memorial lectures founded in memory of Moncure D. Conway, and delivered annually at South Place Institute. The five preceding lecturers were Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. H. W. Nevinnson, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. John Russell.

Still another series (the third) of monographs on prominent writers of the day is announced by a London publisher. It will bear the general title, "Studies of Living Authors," and in the first three volumes to appear Mr. H. G. Wells will be dealt with by Mr. R. W. Talbot Cox, Mr. Arnold Bennett by Professor J. R. Skemp, and M. Anatole France by Mr. Geoffrey Cookson. The books will be full-length studies, rather than brief outlines.

A ten-volume translation of the most important works of Martin Luther, from the Ninety-five Theses of 1517 until his death, is announced by Messrs. A. J. Holman Co., of Philadelphia. Each volume will be provided with an introduction and explanatory notes. The translation has been done by scholars who have devoted the past five years to a study of Luther's treatises, and the work aims to reveal the reformer in all his many-sided activity. The first volume of the set will appear this month.

Indiana librarians, as is announced in the "Library Occurrent" of the Public Library Commission of Indiana, are advocating the passage, by their State legislature, of a librarians' licensing bill authorizing the appointment, by the Commission, of a board of library examiners "whose duty it shall be to establish grades, hold examinations, and accredit library schools." The examiners are to be four in number and to serve, after the system is well started, four years each, without pay, and with one vacancy to fill every year.

For the volume entitled "Brontë Poems: Selections from the Poetry of Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Branwell Brontë, including Some Poems Hitherto Unprinted," which is now nearly ready for publication, the editor, Mr. A. C. Benson, has laid under contribution all the poems hitherto printed. The object has been to make accessible for the first time in one volume all the best poetical work of the Brontë family. Each of the sisters is included in

the pieces now first published. Reproductions of the recently discovered portraits of the sisters and facsimile MSS. are also included.

The "Reminiscences and Letters of Sir Robert Ball," edited by his son, Mr. W. Valentine Ball, will appear at once in England. The reminiscences were begun by Sir Robert Ball some years before his death toward the end of 1913, but failing health prevented him from completing the work. In revising and editing the material at his father's request, Mr. Ball has interwoven letters to and from many distinguished correspondents, and added the personal recollections, among others, of his uncle, Sir Charles Ball, and Sir Joseph Larmor; while Professor E. T. Whittaker has contributed an appendix dealing with Sir Robert's mathematical work.

One of our most noted English scholars, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale, died April 9 at New Haven. Born at Ovid, N. Y., January 1, 1838, he was graduated in 1859 from the college to which he gave the best of his energies and talents for nearly the rest of his life. Literary work of a humble sort occupied the two years following his graduation; then came three years of military service in the Civil War; five years after its close he became instructor in English at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, and from 1871 we find him holding a professorship of the English Language and Literature. He was librarian of the Sheffield Scientific School from 1873 to 1906, and had been Professor Emeritus after the latter date. His membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and in other learned societies, bore witness to his scholarship and repute. Apart from his well-known Chaucerian and Shakespearean and linguistic writings, which hardly need to be enumerated here, he made not many contributions to literature, but will be remembered for his biography of James Fenimore Cooper in the "American Men of Letters" series; and not very long before he died he published some lectures on "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning." He had also edited the complete works of Charles Dudley Warner, with biographical introduction. Vigor and independence distinguished his work as a writer—even to the point of espousing the spelling-reform heresy.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 58 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Letters to a Friend:** Written to Mrs. Ezra S. Carr, 1866-1879. By John Muir. 12mo, 194 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3. net.
- R. L. Stevenson: A Critical Study.** By Frank Swinnerton. With photogravure frontispiece. 8vo, 216 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.50 net.
- The English Essay and Essayists.** By Hugh Walker, LL.D. "Channels of English Literature." 8vo, 343 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
- James Russell Lowell as a Critic.** By Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D. 12mo, 228 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- King Albert's Book: A Tribute to the Belgian King and People from Representative Men and Women throughout the World.** Illustrated in photogravure and color, large 8vo, 188 pages. Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.50 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- The French in the Heart of America.** By John Finley. 8vo, 431 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- Memories and Musings.** By John Widdicombe. Illustrated, 8vo, 492 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4. net.
- My Life Out of Prison.** By Donald Lowrie. 12mo, 345 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.
- Narrative of Johann Carl Buettner in the American Revolution.** With frontispiece in color, large 8vo, 69 pages. New York: Charles F. Heartman.
- The Solitaires of the Sambuca.** By Daniel Maulsley; with prefatory note by Montgomery Carmichael. Illustrated, 12mo, 252 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.
- Letters Written by Ebenezer Huntington during the American Revolution.** With portrait, large 8vo, 112 pages. New York: Charles F. Heartman.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

- Poems.** By Maurice Maeterlinck; done into English verse by Bernard Miall. 12mo, 131 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Garden of Paradise.** By Edward Sheldon. With frontispiece, 12mo, 244 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- Selections from Catullus.** Translated into English verse, with an introduction on the theory of translation, by Mary Stewart. 12mo, 71 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1. net.
- Verse.** By Vance Thompson. With portrait, 12mo, 50 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.

FICTION.

- A Girl of the Blue Ridge.** By Payne Erskine. Illustrated, 12mo, 401 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Holy Flower.** By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated, 12mo, 384 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net.
- Prince and Heretic.** By Marjorie Bowen. 12mo, 374 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Winning of Lucia: A Love Story.** By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated, 12mo, 335 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35 net.
- Loneliness.** By Robert Hugh Benson. 12mo, 371 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35 net.
- Ruggles of Red Gap.** By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated, 12mo, 371 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Great Tradition, and Other Stories.** By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. 12mo, 353 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.
- The Idyl of Twin Fires.** By Walter Prichard Eaton. Illustrated, 12mo, 304 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Pretender: A Story of the Latin Quarter.** By Robert W. Service. With frontispiece, 12mo, 349 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Him of the Desert.** By Ada Woodruff Anderson. With frontispiece, 12mo, 402 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Conscience of Sarah Platt.** By Alice Gerstenberg. 12mo, 325 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Lovers in Exile.** By the author of "The Letters Which Never Reached Him." 12mo, 344 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.
- A Freeland in Kashmir: A Tale of the Great Anarchy.** By G. F. MacMunn, D.S.O. 12mo, 344 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Hillside People.** By Dorothy Canfield. 12mo, 346 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- The Rediscovered Country.** By Stewart Edward White, F.R.G.S. Illustrated, 8vo, 358 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2. net.
- The California Padres and their Missions.** By Charles Francis Saunders and J. Smeaton Chase. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 413 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50 net.
- Sketches in Poland.** Written and painted by Frances Delaney Little. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 344 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.50 net.
- The Rocky Mountain Wonderland.** By Enos A. Mills. Illustrated, 8vo, 363 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.
- The Yellowstone National Park: Historical and Descriptive.** By Hiram Martin Chittenden. Enlarged and revised edition; illustrated, 8vo, 350 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co.
- On the Old West.** By George Frederick Ruxton; edited by Horace Kephart. 12mo, 345 pages. Outing Publishing Co. \$1. net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS.

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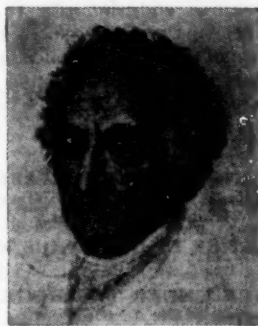
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